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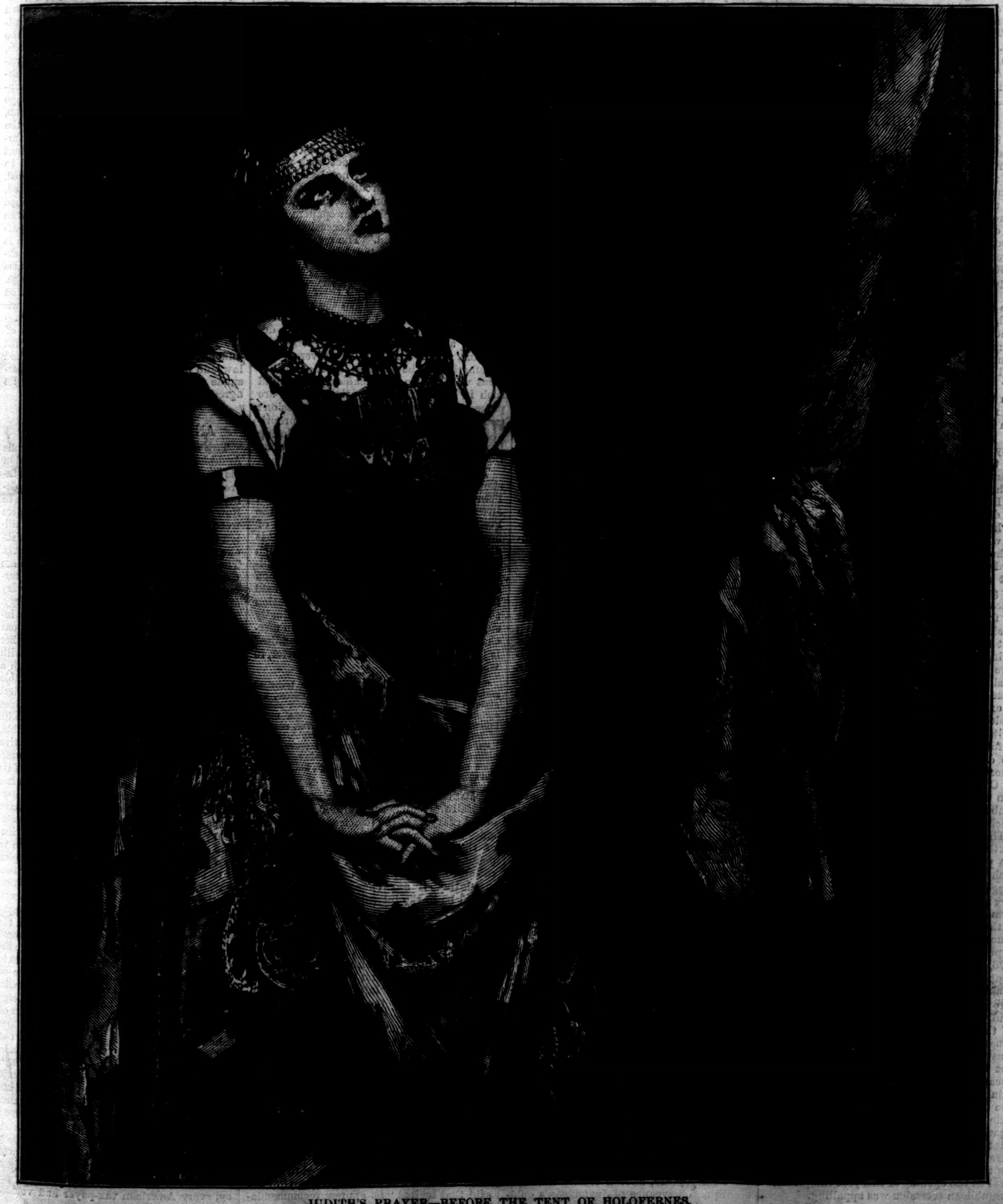

JUDITH'S PRAYER—BEFORE THE TENT OF HOLOFERNES.

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HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, APRIL 3, 1875.

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ILLUSTRATED SUPPLEMENT,

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"WITHIN THE PARTY."

IT is sometimes said by Republicans who admit that the political prospect is much fairer than it was at the close of the year, and that a decided reaction has begun against dangerous tendencies in the party, that the malign element will yet regain the control, and that it will determine the action of the next Convention. They do not suppose necessarily that the President will be renominated, because no sensible man doubts that such an act would annihilate the party, but they do think that the supporters of the third term and the friends of force bills and Arkansas interference—in a word, the BUTLER policy—will prevail. We do not share these apprehensions. It was fortunate that the signal reverses of the Republicans came when they did, in the middle of the Presidential term, because they have left ample time for reflection both upon the meaning of the catastrophe and the remedy. That this time has not been lost is evident. There is a very general conviction in the party that its old unity and zeal can be and will be restored, and that nothing is more foolish than the dream of any third party movement.

The experience of New Hampshire, where the Republican Convention spoke with entire distinctness upon the chief questions of the hour, must be the guide of all Republicans who would co-operate in the restoration of the party prestige. No evasions upon the third-term question, for instance, upon the part of any orator or newspaper, can serve any good purpose. While the President declines to speak, it is worse than useless for any friendly editor to draw conclusions from his silence. Nothing is easier for the President than to satisfy curiosity as to his own feeling in regard to the third term—nothing more needlessly injurious to the party than his silence. The policy of saying nothing because it is only the opposition that demands an explanation is a policy of pride, not of wisdom. To know when the cry of the opposition affects your own party is a most useful knowledge, if it is combined with the determination to baffle the evil influence. We have little doubt that candidates for Congress will have to define their position upon this subject very clearly, nor any doubt that if they do, their success will be much more assured.

There has been a great deal of harmless mirth at the proposition of reform "within the party." Will any man who does not wish to see a Democratic restoration in 1876 suggest in what other way Republican victory is to be secured? Yet, without this reform, what are the chances of that victory? If the election of last autumn had been a general election, would it have resulted as Republicans wish? To contest the field in 1876, with the influences that were dominant in 1874 still controlling the party, would be mere suicide. There must therefore be reform within the party or defeat. And with such an alternative, the character of the reform demanded is evident. The causes that divided us in 1872 and in 1874 must be removed. The division of 1872 can not be explained by the word "sorehead," because even if that could show why certain leaders departed, how can it explain the defection of followers? Besides, every man who is not satisfied with saying "sorehead" as the sole key to the secession of that year, and who knows how many sincere and intelligent men shared the discontent and joined the opposition, knows also that at the opening of this year the possible Republican secession was appalling.

The reform within the party must be such as will regain those who are disposed to take the risks of Democratic success rather than to connive longer at what was felt to be the impolicy and worse of certain Republican tendencies. To speak frankly, there were a very great many Republicans of 1872 who in the beginning of this year said that if Republican leadership were to be longer represented by such gentlemen as BUTLER, CHANDLER, CARPENTER, and many more, they really preferred to take the chances of such a leadership as that of TILDEN, THURMAN, and BECK. To urge upon such men the perils of the Democratic tendency, and of the counsels that were sure to control the party, was to invite the reply that the better traditions and tendencies of the Republican party are of small account if they can not secure a corresponding leadership. But many of the men most obnoxious to this criticism and feeling have been defeated, and many of the measures which they strongly favored have not been approved by the party in Congress or in the country. We see no reason to suppose that the spirit which has begun this reaction will decline, and for this, among other reasons, that the managers know very well the character of the party, and that it will not be disciplined and driven, like the mass of Democrats, to the tap of the party drum. They understand, therefore, that if the action of the Convention should show that the influences which have been repudiated were still in the ascendant, defeat would be assured. They must therefore act so as to regain the hearty support of all dissatisfied Republicans.

The present prospect seems to be that both parties will make strong and personally unexceptional nominations. Both are playing for a great stake. The Republicans are very resolute to retain the great power which they have held so long, and which, upon the whole, they have exercised so beneficently. The Democrats, eager and giddy with hope, burn to seize once more the public patronage, and, covered with the shame and guilt of their political record, seek to commend themselves to what is amusingly called "conservative" sympathy. To do this they must offer the most plausible front. They will not nominate a man of a doubtful war record, or a declared repudiator, or who has openly opposed the new amendments. They are not likely to repeat their blunders of the last fifteen years; and if they should, the situation does not authorize the Republicans to trust to the folly of their adversaries instead of their own wisdom. They too will name some man whose character is his platform. They will declare a policy of which he will be the type. And his election will prove that the American people will never again restore the party that sustained human slavery and plunged the country into civil war.

MR. WEED AND THE CIVIL SERVICE.

MR. THURLOW WEED has written a letter to the *Herald* upon the failure of the civil service reform, in which he quotes an earlier letter, prophesying that event and applauding it in advance. In that letter Mr. WEED ascribes the movement for reform to disappointed politicians, and as imposed upon the Republican party by Liberal and Democratic clamor. But the chief mover was Mr. JENCKES, of Rhode Island, whom Mr. WEED would certainly not describe as a "sorehead" in any sense. Mr. WEBSTER, forty years ago, denounced the party system of appointments as full of peril to the government. And the purpose of the movement of Mr. JENCKES was approved by all intelligent Americans who were familiar with the reform in England. Its adoption by the Republican party in the Philadelphia platform of 1872 was due not to the Democrats and Liberals, but to the President, whom the Convention renominated by acclamation, and who had urged it upon Congress in every annual Message while Mr. SCHURZ and Mr. SUMNER were in full Republican communion.

Mr. WEED said in the same letter that the rule laid down by Mr. JEFFERSON in all civil service appointments was the golden one. His question was, Is he honest, capable, and faithful to the Constitution? There could be no better rule. Did General JACKSON follow it? Did General HARRISON? Has any President since JACKSON ever followed it? Is it the rule in any custom-house or post-office known to Mr. WEED? Are men retained because they are honest, capable, and faithful to the Constitution, if of the other party? Are they appointed for that reason if they vote the wrong way? Instances there may be. But is it the golden rule of the service? Mr. WEED would not assert it. The system of party patronage, then, after an experience of more than forty years, having totally failed to secure an observance of JEFFERSON'S golden rule, the civil service reform is an effort to secure it in another and more promising way. Mr. WEED truly says that we ought to elect capable and enlightened rulers, and require them to appoint honest and capable men. Nothing can be more true. But the chief impediment to such elections is the civil service system of patronage.

Mr. WEED'S theory is excellent. It is only the practice of which we complain. The appointing power ought, as he justly remarks, to inquire if its appointees are honest, capable, and loyal, and be satisfied if they are. Then when a vacancy occurs—not when it turns men out at the command of a ward committee or a Representative or Senator in Congress—appoint only men of the Jeffersonian qualifications. If such was the practice, if such was the possibility of the practice in the present situation of affairs, there would be no need and no demand of civil service reform. But the President, who can not possibly know any thing of most of the persons whom he must appoint, and must therefore depend upon advice, knew that the advice was generally interested, and therefore sought to reach the desired end by better means. That is civil service reform. It is one of the surest and most efficient means of securing the election of the very men whose election Mr. WEED justly thinks to be essential to the public welfare.

THE NEW POSTAL TAX.

IF the late Congress had carefully sought for some peculiarly odious act with which to end its career, it could not have found one more certain to produce public indignation and detestation than the doubling of postage upon transient newspapers, magazines, pamphlets, books, and occasional publications of every kind. The members had just substantially restored the franking privilege, and then turned about and laid this heavy burden upon the clerk and the mechanic, who, having read their paper or magazine, wish to send it to the mother or the sister somewhere else. It is a wanton and foolish tax upon knowledge, sure to defeat its alleged purpose of increasing the revenue, and to end only in universal dissatisfaction. The passage of the amendment was due to the headlong and blind rush in which the appropriation bills are passed at the last moment of the session: taxes are laid and enormous sums appropriated in reckless ignorance, and the closing hours of Congress are usually a parody upon intelligent legislation.

The history of this new postal act is very simple and very shameful. On the 18th of February of this year Postmaster-General JEWELL wrote to Senator RAMSAY, of the Post-office Committee, upon the subject of merchandise in the mails. He stated that it did not now seriously obstruct nor threaten to obstruct mail transportation upon railroads, but that it was embarrassing upon some of the trunk stage routes. He said that the law had been so long in operation that changes were difficult, but he finally suggested that "the rate of postage on merchandise be doubled." Now "merchandise" is included under third-class mail matter, to which belong

> "All pamphlets, occasional publications, transient newspapers and magazines, hand-bills, posters, unsealed circulars, prospectuses, books, book manuscripts, proof-sheets, corrected proof-sheets, maps, prints, engravings, blanks, flexible patterns, samples of merchandise, sample cards, photographic paper, letter envelopes, postal envelopes and wrappers, cards, plain and ornamental paper, photographic representations of different types, seeds, cuttings, bulbs, roots, and scions."

Mr. BANGS, the General Superintendent of the Railway Mail Service, stated, on the 18th of February, that the deficiency in the Post-office revenues was not due to this matter of the third class, of which twenty-four pounds in thirty consist of transient publications, manuscripts, etc. Mr. BANGS advised that if any change were made, it should be in the increase of rate, "making it, however, *x* cents for each ounce or fractional part thereof."

The Senate rejected a proposal by Mr. RAMSAY to increase the postage rates, but on the night of the 3d of March, at the last moment, when there is no time for consideration, discussion, or intelligence, and when members are only too eager to vote upon any pending proposition in order to secure a chance for their own bills, Mr. HAMLIN, of Maine, introduced a very quiet little amendment, merely changing the words "two ounces" in the regulation for third-class matter to "ounce." It was very simple and very modest. It merely doubled the rate on every thing included in the third class. Had he followed Mr. JEWELL'S suggestion, Mr. HAMLIN would have said "merchandise" in the third class; but that was unwise, for it would have necessarily provoked inquiry. Mr. SARGENT, of California, moved to lay the amendment on the table. Mr. HAMLIN then said that he had "an express recommendation" of the Postmaster-General in its favor. He added that it would "operate as no hardship whatever upon persons whom we design to benefit by allowing merchandise to go through the mails." That is, it is no hardship to make poor people pay six cents instead of three, and eight cents instead of four, in sending transient papers and periodicals. "Let us replenish the Treasury," said Mr. HAMLIN, who, we believe, voted for the restoration of the franking power. Mr. WEST said that the amendment proposed to make the carriage of merchandise sixty-four cents on four pounds instead of thirty-two, and that the Senate had voted it down when it came from another quarter. Mr. HAMLIN retorted. The Vice-President reminded the Senator that his time had expired. "The amendment was agreed to." It came into the House, and was read. Mr. GARFIELD said that it met the concurrence of the Committee on Appropriations. "The amendment was concurred in."

Last year, it will be remembered, the law was changed to compel all newspapers, except within the county, to pay their own postage in advance. The rates of the third-class matter were already fixed. With the beginning of the year traders of many kinds, dealers in small light ware, seeds, music, engravings, and book and magazine publishers, make their contracts, agreeing to supply certain articles at certain rates, postage paid. Now Mr. HAMLIN and Mr. GARFIELD, with the Senate and the House, double the postage and destroy the profit. The further effect upon the senders of transient papers and all the articles enumerated in the third class, we have already mentioned. If this amendment was ignorantly adopted, ignorance is no excuse. It was sustained by men of all parties, but the Republican party is responsible. The view of that party is the true view, that the Post-office is in a degree a means of facilitating education and diffusing intelligence. It has also pronounced against the franking privilege. But a Republican Congress laid this wanton tax upon the cheap dissemination of knowledge at the same time that it partially restored the frank. One of the first acts of the next House, which is Democratic, will undoubtedly be the repeal of this ill-advised law, and we shall see if Mr. HAMLIN can persuade the Republican Senate to refuse its agreement.

AN AMERICAN CARDINAL.

THE appointment of the Roman Catholic Archbishop of New York to be a cardinal in his Church is significant as showing the increase and growing importance of that denomination in the United States. Even in New England, where fifty years ago there were but three priests, there are now a million Catholics, with an archbishop, five bishops, and about four hundred and fifty priests. The chief facts in regard to this Church are that the members are very largely of foreign birth, of a low average education, very strictly organized and led by their clergy. These would be matters of comparative indifference in a country of free institutions and public schools, except for the further disagreeable fact that this Church, with such a membership and discipline, with a foreign head claiming to be the infallible vicar of God, alone among the ecclesiastical organizations in the country, has a distinct and paramount political policy; and as its vote is immense, compact, and manageable, it holds out a constant and most seductive bribe to political parties to yield to its terms.

The political object of this Church—of its clergy rather than of its members, for it is a Church in whose government and the determination of whose policy the members have no part—is the overthrow of the non-sectarian public-school system, and the substitution of schools in which the priests are to be the teachers. The purpose of this plan is to commit the children during their tender and formative age to the sole direction of the priests, and to make them "good Catholics," and to do this with the consent and connivance of the State. With the steady increase of the members of the Church this peril becomes more positive, because the value of its vote to any party increases in the same degree. Moreover, a purpose of this kind is never relaxed by an ecclesiastical body which sees, as the Roman clergy see in this country, that the association of the children of all sects in the common schools tends to the breaking down of sectarian barriers, and consequently to independence of clerical control. The countries of Europe are shaking off the Roman interference, as in Austria and in Italy itself, and even in Spain, while in Germany BISMARCK brushes aside its various pretenses to meddle in the government. As this ascendency declines in Europe, the priesthood hopes to restore it in America. It is a design with which, so far as it is religious only, we have nothing to do. But as it is a political policy, every American tax-payer and voter is vitally interested in it.

At the beginning of the week in which

the Archbishop of New York was made a cardinal, Father Walker, a member of the Jesuit order which now controls the Church, preached in New York upon the public schools. We quote from the report of his sermon:

> "Woe be to the parents who send their children to these public schools! Woe be to those who secretly favor them in their hearts! I would not like to be in their places on the day of judgment. The public schools are the nurseries of vice. They are godless schools, and they who send their children to them can not expect the mercy of God. They ought not to expect the sacraments of the Church in their dying moments. I hope you and I will live to see the day when it will be understood that parents who commit this great sin will be refused the sacraments of the Church. 'What! let them die without the rites of the Church?' you will ask. Yes, I say so. I would as soon administer the sacraments to a dog as to such Catholics. Did not Jesus Christ suffer one of His apostles to die without the rites of the Church, in despair? So would I let these wretched Catholics perish. Catholics! They are no Catholics....I tell you, Catholics, you do not realize the dangers to your children. The great effort of the enemy of God's holy Church in these days is to get control of the education of the youth in the hope of thus counteracting the blessed influence of the priests of God. The enemy has abandoned every other effort. Look to it, then, that you fall not a victim to his insidious arts."

He added that there were a million of Catholics in New York and Brooklyn, and hundreds of thousands more in the State, and asked how they could fail if they united in demanding their "rights." The sermon is a timely exhortation to serious reflection.

A very large part of the Democratic vote is drawn from the membership of the Roman Church. It is to the Democratic party that the Church in this State has owed the enormous gifts of the public money and property that have been made to it. As further concessions are demanded by the increasing strength of the vote, they will be granted, because they can be refused only at the peril of losing the vote. The permanence of the public-school system is therefore directly menaced by Democratic success, for no object is so dear to the political managers of the Church as the overthrow of the schools. The Pope, in his speech upon appointing the archbishop a cardinal, said, alluding to Italy: "The educational institutions have been withdrawn from the watchfulness of the Church, and in youth, which should be the seed-time of virtues, vices are rooted in schools subject to the civil power. There is education without faith, without religion, according to a baleful worldly wisdom." It is to the schools subject to the civil power, and wholly withdrawn from "the watchfulness of the Church," that very much of the greatness, freedom, and prosperity of this country is due, and it is to the same ecclesiastical watchfulness over the schools that so much of the degradation of Italy is attributable.

There is often a reluctance to speak of this ecclesiastical plot against the schools, as if to expose it and to discuss it were to meddle with religious liberty. On the contrary, religious liberty demands its full exposure and total defeat. The priest who engages in politics submits to the conditions. It is not the man who believes in transubstantiation and the immaculate conception of Mary that we oppose. His right to his faith is unquestioned and unquestionable. But it is he who seeks to destroy the public-school system, the corner-stone of American institutions, who should be denounced as a public enemy.

THE PINCHBACK CASE.

The Senate postponed a decision upon the question of Mr. Pinchback until next December. It was understood that had the vote been pressed, the seat would have been refused to him. The Senators, therefore, who carried the motion to postpone had decided that Pinchback ought not to be admitted. What is gained by the postponement? Nothing but further debate and confusion. No new facts can be presented, and certainly no fresh arguments. The case is as clear in March as it can be in December; and if, as is now suggested, Pinchback and his friends fear that if the Wheeler compromise be carried into effect the Legislature may choose some other person as Senator, the postponement will only produce a more resolute opposition to the compromise.

There were many able speeches during the debate, but none which went closer to the heart of the matter than the brief addresses of Senator Ferry, of Connecticut, and the new Senator, Christiancy, of Michigan. The tone of both was most admirable. Senator Christiancy, whose party sympathy and position had been somewhat questioned, proves to be a Republican of the best type—honest, able, and independent. In opposing the admission of Mr. Pinchback and the policy that had been pursued in Louisiana, he disclaimed all hostility to the President and all suspicion of him. He showed, what is very often forgotten, that criticism of the course of the President on any question, or opposition to it, does not necessarily involve any personal hostility, and is compatible with great personal confidence and regard. Nobody who reads the calm and lucid speech of Senator Christiancy can doubt that his view of the facts is wholly patriotic and judicial, and that he is no more hostile to the President than if he had pointed out what he believed to be an error in the conduct of a battle.

If the Senate, after the exhaustive and exhausting debate upon this subject, had decided that Mr. Pinchback should not have the seat, it would have taken another forward step toward the pacification of the Southern situation, by adopting the view of its own committee, that there was no honest election in 1872. The compromise which recognizes Kellogg would not be a compromise if it undertook to legitimate every thing that has been done. Kellogg is recognized not because he was fairly elected, but because some arbitrary arrangement was necessary, which included concessions on both sides. There is no recognition of the Legislature that elected Pinchback. The action of the Senate was one of those good-natured acts that increase the mischiefs they are designed to alleviate. It is substantially a victory for the minority, by which nothing has been gained but an opportunity for farther intrigue and corruption.

"PAROCHIAL" AND PUBLIC SCHOOLS.

Simultaneously with the frantic denunciation of the public-school system by the Jesuit Father Walker, a committee on behalf of the trustees of Catholic free schools of the city of New York has applied to the Board of Education to know on what terms the said parochial schools may be admitted to the benefits of the common-school system, subject to its laws, etc., "in such manner as may be agreed upon." The committee state that they represent more than fifty schools, mostly with large buildings, each capable of accommodating from three hundred to a thousand children, and that thirty thousand now attend the schools. The committee declare their conviction that upon the right intelligence of the people depend the safety and prosperity of the country, and that with such objects they desire to find a common ground of action. The subject was referred to a committee, for whose report we shall look with great interest.

The principle which should govern such a transaction is plain. The schools passing under the control of the public become, of course, non-sectarian, like all the schools, and the only question is of the sum to be paid for the buildings. It is meanwhile the duty of the Board to take care that no arrangement is made by which the public money shall be used to support denominational schools. The committee state that they and those whom they represent pay their full share of taxes for the support of the common schools. If they urge this as a reason for any kind of public support of their denominational or parochial schools, it is useless, unless they can show that there is no public provision of instruction made for the children whom they educate. Then they convict the management of the public schools, but do not show that sectarian schools should be supported. The result of the application will be awaited with curiosity by the public, for if it is a proposition to receive the public money without placing the schools under public control, it is one of the most open and flagrant blows yet delivered at the public-school system.

CARL SCHURZ.

Our correspondent, Mr. Eugene Lawrence, in some recent severe comments upon Mr. Schurz, gave, as we think, a wholly incorrect impression of a passage in the speech of that gentleman in the Louisiana debate. Mr. Lawrence, referring to the speech, said that Mr. Schurz "begins now to despair of the republic," and "scarcely hopes to see it survive the Centennial of 1876." We quote the passage which is supposed to authorize this statement, but which really expresses the highest faith in republican institutions. The italics are ours.

> "Above all things, gentlemen, indulge in no delusions as to the consequences of your doings. Be bold enough to look this great question for one moment squarely in the face. If you really think that the peace and order of society in this country can no longer be maintained through the self-government of the people under the Constitution and the impartial enforcement of constitutional laws; if you really think that this old machinery of free government can no longer be trusted with its most important functions, and that such transgressions on the part of those in power as now pass before us are right and necessary for the public welfare—then, gentlemen, admit that this government of the people, for the people, and by the people is a miscarriage. Admit that the hundredth anniversary of this republic must be the confession of its failure, and make up your minds to change the form as well as the nature of our institutions; for to play at republic longer would then be a cruel mockery. But, I entreat you, do not delude yourselves and others with the thought that by following the fatal road upon which we now are marching you can still preserve those institutions; for I tell you, and the history of struggling mankind bears me out, where the forms of constitutional government can be violated with impunity, there the spirit of constitutional government will soon be dead. Who does not know that republics will be sometimes the theatre of confusion, disturbance, and violent transgressions; more frequently, perhaps, than monarchies governed by strong despotic rule? The citizens of a republic have to pay some price for the great boon of their common liberty. But do we not know, also, or have we despaired of it, that in a republic remedies for such evils can be found in entire consonance with the spirit and form of republican institutions and of constitutional government? Let nobody suspect me of favoring or excusing disorder or violent transgressions; nothing could be further from me. *But I have not despaired of the efficiency of our republican institutions. I insist that they do furnish effective remedies for existing evils....*
>
> "*I repeat, republican institutions and self-government have remedies to right the wrongs occurring, and if left to their legitimate action they will prove far more efficient to that end than the arbitrary measures we are now witnessing....*
>
> "I have spoken earnestly, Sir, for my feelings and convictions on this great subject are strong and sincere. I can not forget that this republic, which it has cost so much strife and so much blood to establish and to preserve, stands in the world to prove to struggling mankind that the self-government of the people under wise laws is able to evolve all necessary remedies for existing evils without violating popular liberty or constitutional rights. I can not forget that if we fail in solving this vital problem, this republic will become not a guiding star of liberty, but only another warning example."

We certainly can not regard such words and sentiments as these as showing any distrust of the republic, for they are entirely harmonious with much that we have said, and we are not conscious of any decline of faith in America or republican institutions. Of course the opinions of the editor of the *Weekly* upon public questions and public men are expressed only in the editorial columns.

PERSONAL.

Mr. George William Curtis has written a note to the *Evening Post* correcting the report that he received a thousand dollars from the State of Massachusetts for his eulogy on Mr. Sumner. The committee made him a very generous offer, as a large appropriation had been made by the Legislature for the expenses of the memorial services, but he declined to accept it.

—The French Academy has formally declined to correspond or interchange publications or civilities of any kind with any of the learned societies of Germany. Such was the method adopted by this learned body of resenting the German indisposition to stand patiently and be whipped and plundered in 1870–71. It has been said that nothing in all her history is more honorable to Rome than her generosity in allowing a statue of Hannibal to be erected and admired within the very city which it was the ambition of his life to distress and destroy. Is the contrast here noted to be regarded as a fair measure of the decline in manliness and magnanimity of the Latin race between the heathen age of Hannibal and the Christian epoch of M'Mahon? You may do any thing to a monkey but pinch his tail; you may say any thing to a Haytian but insult his mother; you may do or say any thing to a Frenchman but disturb his conviction that his countrymen are the masters of the world in the art of war.

—The Rev. Dr. W. M. Taylor, the eloquent pastor of the Broadway Tabernacle Church, calls attention in the *Congregationalist* to a strong trait in the character of Dr. Livingstone which has been passed over or only slightly noticed by reviewers, namely, his earnest, deep-seated religious convictions. Dr. Taylor says that the story of his career as missionary and explorer shows "that the under-tone of Livingstone's life was one of deep, earnest, personal communion with the Lord Jesus, and that he was animated ever by simple trust in Him who is the hearer of prayer. His religious convictions formed the backbone of his character, and while others will be saying much of his work, we direct attention to Him who made him for his work. If we honor the instrument, shall we not honor more the maker of it? Honor to Livingstone, we say, with all earnestness and sincerity, but honor a thousand times more to the Christ who made him what he was, and sustained him through his weary years of loneliness and privation. And in these days, when skepticism is assaulting the mercy-seat with argument and sneer, let us point its votaries to the dying Livingstone upon his knees. It is not so childish a thing, after all, to believe the Gospel and to practice prayer."

—Mr. John R. Ward, of Austin, Texas, through whom the watch stolen from General Lafayette was recently restored to the family, writes the following interesting account of the steps he took to communicate with the general's descendants:

> "From the time that I obtained possession of the watch, in the fall of 1868, up to the winter of 1874, I made every effort in my power to restore the watch to its rightful owners. I opened correspondence with Messrs. Norton & Co., of Paris, but could effect nothing through them. I then tried the French minister in Washington, but my letter was never noticed. The watch was then left with Mr. E. A. Tyler, of New Orleans, in the hope that he might be able to open correspondence with the Lafayette heirs through some of the numerous French residents of that city. But a perseverance of over twelve months on his part proved of no avail, and I then began to think that there were no direct descendants of the illustrious marquis. As a last resort, I took the watch to Washington city, and there, through the kindness of my friend Dr. E. A. Duncan, of the House Committee on Territories, was introduced to Mr. Sumner and Mr. Hoar. Mr. Sumner at once took a lively interest in the matter, and promised to bring the watch to the notice of some of the Lafayette heirs then in Washington. His death, which occurred soon afterward, placed the matter in other hands, with results already known to the public."

—Captain Thomas Card, of Dover, New Hampshire, is one hundred years old. He played his right bower at last election-day by going to the polls and voting for—Governor.

—The funeral of Mrs. Gerrit Smith, at Peterborough, was altogether of a novel character. There was no clergyman in attendance, and the only services consisted of singing and remarks by intimate friends of the deceased. Her nephew, General John Cochrane, of this city, was present, and said a few words eulogistic of Mrs. Smith. The estate left by Mr. Smith was estimated to be $2,000,000. One half of this was given to his wife, the other half was divided between their two children. Mrs. Smith made no will, and therefore her half descends to them also.

—H. K. Browne, the sculptor, has signed a contract for a colossal equestrian statue of General Nathaniel Greene, of Rhode Island, in bronze, for the Capitol Grounds of Providence, for which, with the pedestal, he is to receive $40,000.

—The heirs of the late Hon. C. L. Ward, of Towanda, Pennsylvania, have given to Lafayette College, Easton, a valuable library of 13,000 volumes, which is to be known as the Ward Collection, and will be placed in a room specially devoted to it. The college has also recently received a gift of $30,000 from Mr. Hallenbeck, of Wilkesbarre.

—The venerable Dr. Leonard W. Bacon, president of the late Congressional Council, recently preached his fiftieth anniversary sermon in the pulpit of the Centre Church of New Haven, of which he has so long been pastor.

—The recent death of Mr. William Henry Dutton, one of the proprietors of the Boston *Transcript*, has not only been a heavy grief to his associates in that journal, but has deprived Boston of one of the most estimable members of its newspaper press. Although not quite forty years of age, he had for nineteen years a proprietorial interest in the paper, then—as now—one of the most carefully, capably, and industriously edited in the United States. His inclination for journalism was shown before he left school, when, in connection with one of his mates, David Loring, he published twenty numbers of the *Sunbeam*, a little paper on which all the type-setting was done by the boy firm. He was, as his associate tells us, "strictly upright, rigidly just, pleasant and brisk in his manners and movements, diligent and prompt, winning respect and esteem from those with whom he had business dealings, and held in universal regard in the *Transcript* office, where, as an ever-vigilant and enterprising proprietor, he was so well known and so constantly present and zealous."

—The appointment of a cardinal prince for our republican land is a novel circumstance. Titles of nobility bestowed upon American citizens are not likely to add to the personal popularity of those who receive them, and as a prince of the papal court, Archbishop M'Closkey must part with some of his rights as an American citizen. The cardinals have always been both temporal and spiritual dignitaries. They take precedence of bishops and royal princes; they are addressed as *eminentissimi*—"your eminence;" they must, at Rome, keep a coach and gorgeous liveries; they alone elect the Pope. It is worthy of remark that Archbishop M'Closkey has been made a Roman prince in connection with five others of the most violent of the ultramontane faction. It is plain that the Jesuits are elated with the prospects of the Roman Church in New York, and do not in future intend to confine themselves to moderate measures. It is their policy in every land to rule or ruin.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

Very little business of importance was done in the special session of the United States Senate for the week ending March 20. The Pinchback case was still further debated until March 16, when it was resolved, by a vote of 33 to 30, to postpone further consideration until the second Monday in December next.—March 15 the Senate adopted a resolution calling on the President for information in regard to the proposed emigration to the Black Hills.—The Hawaiian treaty was ratified, March 18, by a vote of 51 to 12.—March 19 a resolution offered by Mr. Boutwell was adopted, authorizing the special committee to inquire into the several branches of the civil service, with a view to the reorganization of the several departments thereof, to sit during the recess, administer oaths, send for persons, papers, etc.

The great ice gorge in the Delaware River at Port Jervis was broken up and swept away by a flood March 17. A portion of the town was inundated, and considerable property was destroyed. The suspension-bridge was carried away, and the Erie Railroad bridge several miles above the town met with the same fate. The destruction of the latter bridge throws over 800 men out of employment. The total loss of property in the town is estimated at from $50,000 to $100,000. Fortunately the people had fair warning of the approach of the flood, and no lives were lost.

A terrific hail-storm swept over many parts of the Southern and Western States March 15, doing great damage. The town of Rienzi, in Mississippi, was nearly destroyed, and several persons were killed and injured. In Michigan hail-stones measuring twelve inches in circumference were afterward picked up.

Ex-Congressman Parker has been appointed by the President to be Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of Utah Territory.

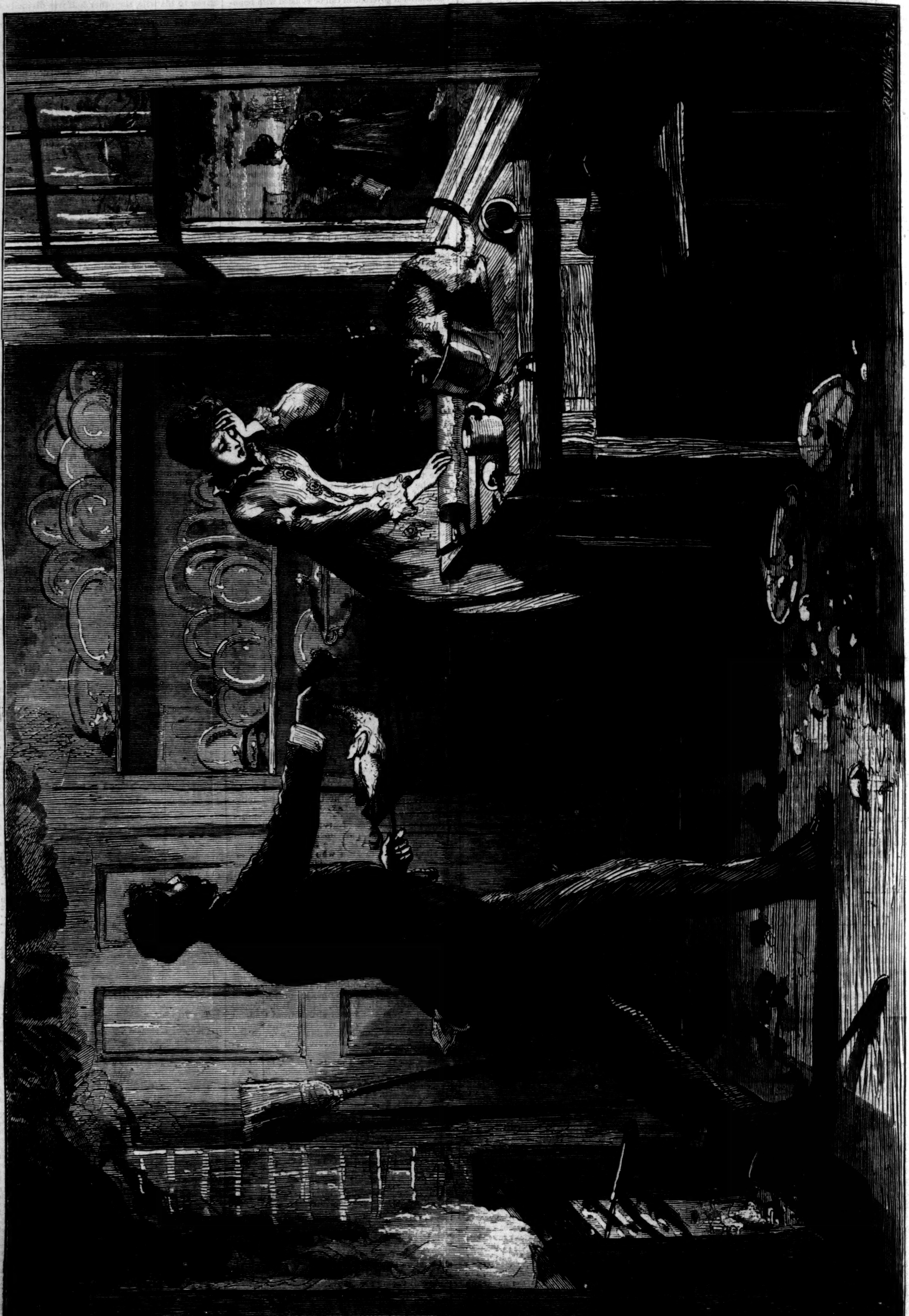
FOREIGN NEWS.

The French Assembly has elected the Duke d'Audiffret-Pasquier its President by a vote of 418 out of 598. On taking the chair the new President read an address containing some strongly worded expressions against the Bonapartists, which were loudly cheered by the Left.

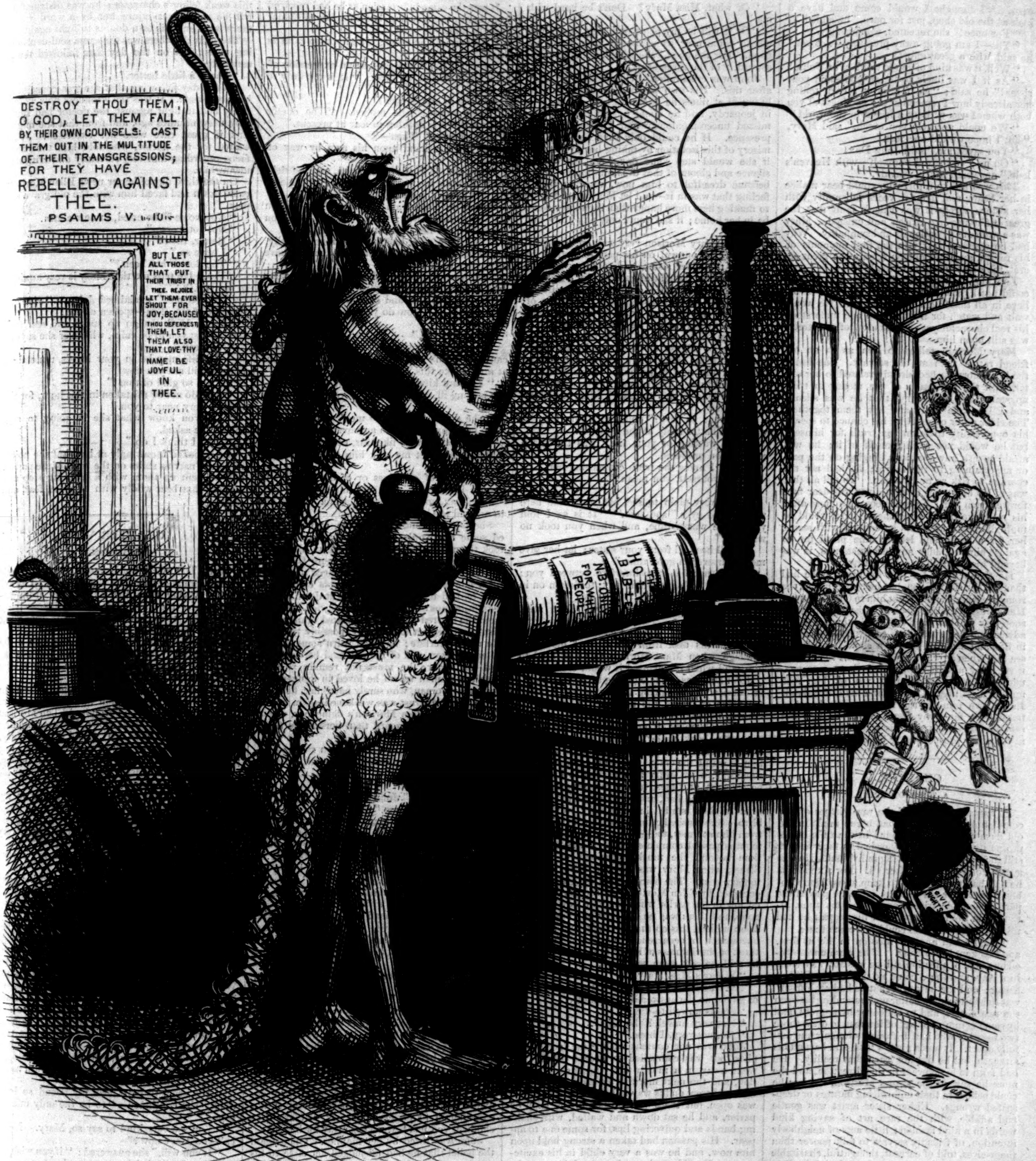
The natives of Assam, in India, have massacred a surveying party commanded by a British lieutenant, and consisting of sixty-three Sepoys and coolies.

It is said that the governments of Italy and Germany have exchanged views concerning a successor to Pope Pius IX.

The new Ecclesiastical Bill was read for the first time in the Lower House of the Prussian Diet March 16. Dr. Falk, Minister of Public Worship, in a speech explaining the necessity for fresh legislation on the relations of the state with the Church, dwelt especially on the fact that the Pope had authorized the Austrian bishops to obey laws similar to those which he denounced in Prussia. The state was not afraid of the Encyclical, but considered the matter serious, and would not permit itself to be treated with scorn by the Church. Prince Bismarck made a powerful speech in support of the bill. He said the maxim that more obedience was due to God than to man certainly did not mean that more obedience was due to a Pope misguided by Jesuits than to the king. The government was doing its duty in protecting German freedom of mind against Rome. The Archbishop of Cologne, on behalf of the whole Roman Catholic episcopate of Prussia, petitioned the House not to pass that part of the bill which gives the people a share in the administration of local church property. Immediately on receipt of this petition the government had the bill altered so as to deprive the priests of any share in the administration of such property. The main clauses of the bill withdrawing state grants from Roman Catholic bishops were passed by overwhelming majorities. Prince Bismarck, in speaking to this point, insisted that it was the imperative duty of the state not to pay fomenters of insurrection.



LOVE IN A COTTAGE.—"Never mind; don't cry, pet. *I'll* do all the cooking."—[Drawn by Sol Eytinge, Jun.]


DESTROY THOU THEM, O GOD, LET THEM FALL BY THEIR OWN COUNSELS: CAST THEM OUT IN THE MULTITUDE OF THEIR TRANSGRESSIONS; FOR THEY HAVE REBELLED AGAINST THEE. PSALMS V. 10.
BUT LET ALL THOSE THAT PUT THEIR TRUST IN THEE. REJOICE LET THEM EVER SHOUT FOR JOY, BECAUSE THOU DEFENDEST THEM; LET THEM ALSO THAT LOVE THY NAME BE JOYFUL IN THEE.
THE HOLY BIBLE
N.B. ONLY FOR WH PEOPLE
CIVIL RIGHTS
Th: Nast

THE GOOD (pure white) SHEPHERD.

It was known here Sunday morning that the Civil Rights Bill had passed both Houses of Congress, and needed only the signature of the President to become a law. On that very morning, in Manchester, just across the river from Richmond, a negro woman marched into the Meade Memorial Episcopal Church, just before the services began, and took a front seat beside a lady. The lady at once rose, went into the vestry-room, and informed the rector, Rev. Mr. Samms. Mr. Samms considered the situation for a few moments, and then determined that, as the easiest way out of the difficulty was perhaps the best way, he would dismiss the congregation without having any services, which he did promptly.—*New York Times.*

[The first three Chapters of this Story were published in Harper's Weekly dated February 20, 1875.]

The Romance of a Back Street.

By F. W. ROBINSON,

Author of "Little Kate Kirby," "For Her Sake," "Poor Humanity," "Carry's Confession," "Second-Cousin Sarah," etc.

CHAPTER IV.

CAST DOWN.

John Dax was completely prostrated by Ellen Morison's avowal. His strength for a while suddenly deserted him, and he relapsed into the old cane-bottomed chair, wrung his hands together piteously, and glared at her who had bewildered him by a strange and awful statement.

What could it mean? What terrible secret did it portend? Beneath the every-day exterior of this monotonous business, the placid surface of what had ever seemed to him two gentle, patient, uneventful lives, what deadly grievance or cruel ill feeling had prevailed?

He was in a dream, and stupefied by all its wonderments. What mystery of the past, what irreparable wrong, could have held those two young women in silence for three years, living and working together, and sleeping under the same roof, and yet never exchanging a word with one another?

"For three years," he faltered forth at last, "and you two not speaking all the time!"

"We have grown used to the position; it is not painful to either of us now."

"But— Will you tell me—"

"John, I can not tell you any thing more," said Ellen, firmly; "I have betrayed too much already. You are never likely to know what has estranged my sister from me or me from her, and why we hate each other very bitterly."

"No, no—don't say that; it is not possible—you two!" he exclaimed.

"Ask her presently, if you will. Hear what she says; repeat to her what I have told you," said Ellen Morison, excitedly again, "and then tell her your own story if you dare."

John felt already that he dared not, that in the past life of Mary Morison lay the barrier to any confession of the wild dream that he had had, and to any hope which he had formed. It would have been wiser if he had not told the elder sister—if his avowal had not, as it were, wrung forth the secret which these two silent women had jealously guarded from the world. He thought he would have been happier to have lived on in ignorance of so terrible a truth. He rose and walked toward the door in a dream-like fashion, as though the vision lasted still that had oppressed him. This was not real life yet—the stern reality of all his after-time. At the threshold he turned, for the sweet pale face of Mary was looking toward him from the half-open door leading into the little parlor: he felt that she had left her work and was nearer him before he had glanced round. She remembered him, too, and that was marvelous, considering how Ellen had been perplexed at the first sight of him. She came toward him at once with hands extended and a faint smile of welcome flickering at her lips.

"Surely it is our old friend John Dax!" she cried; "and he has not deserted us for good."

"Not for good, Miss Mary," stammered the man. "I thought I would come and have a look at the old shop, just for once," he added.

"For once!" she repeated, wonderingly.

"Yes—I am going away presently—not yet," he said, with a great effort.

"Well, it was kind of you to think of us, John."

"As if I was likely to forget you—and your sister!" he said; "as if I haven't been telling her already how I remember the goodness of you both when I was without a friend in the world!"

"We could not help you much," said Mary, "but I hope we did our best."

"You saved me," said John Dax.

"Oh no; you saved yourself—with Heaven's help," answered Mary, warmly.

This was unlike a girl who could bear malice in her heart, and live for years in enmity with her sister: surely it was Ellen's fault that the great difference had arisen and existed. Mary was a woman all gentleness and sympathy. Why had he acted so rashly in the first moments of his return, and told Mary's enemy the great secret, the great ambition of his life?

Looking at Mary Morison, he felt that he could not lightly surrender his one hope, or believe in all that Ellen had told him. He would wait and watch for a while—no one understood his real character yet—the shadow of the streets was still upon him.

Mary Morison talked to him as to an old friend rather than an old servant. She heard the little story he had already related to her sister, with the exception of the money in trust up stairs, and concerning that he was silent; and Ellen stole away and left them together. The elder sister offered him his chance to speak, his opportunity to learn the truth for himself, but he would not avail himself of it; he was afraid to ask any questions hinging on the past or appertaining to the future; he had not the courage to risk so much again. To tell all that was in his heart was to shut away this dear face forever from him; he could come no more after his mad avowal of attachment. He would be more discreet; he would be content with seeing her for a while and letting time plead for or against him. Under any circumstances, it was beyond his strength to say good-by.

He thanked her for past kindness, as he had thanked her sister Ellen, but he hinted not at the romance which had brought him to Gibbon Street. He expressed a wish to look in at the Gibbon Street shop now and then and talk of old times, ask her advice and her sister's as to his future course in life, and she said that she should be glad to see him when he was disposed to visit them. He went away almost happy with that assurance, until all that Ellen Morison had told him rose up like a wall between him and his dream-land. In his own room in the Waterloo Road he had never been far away from them; he was not sanguine of results, and his spirits sank to zero at the misty prospect lying beyond that day.

CHAPTER V.

A TIME OF TRIAL.

Patience was one of the rare virtues of our commonplace hero. He had borne much in the old days without a murmur; in the time of his prosperity, and with a new ordeal to face, he was still the same uncomplaining individual. He was a man content to wait after all. For six months he had had the courage to keep away from Gibbon Street; for six months more he played the part of humble friend, and bided his time, although in the first impulse of his despair he had told Ellen Morison he could not come there.

True, he had another mission in life at first, and this kept him strong. If he were unrewarded by a sign of affection, still he was Mary's friend, in a way, and there came no one else to Gibbon Street; and the new task that he had set himself was to help toward a better understanding between the two sisters, and to endeavor by degrees, and by some common object of interest, to draw those two together who had drifted so strangely and awfully apart. It was a giant's task, and beyond his strength, but he did not learn that readily. He had faith in his powers in this direction, and the more he saw of the sisters Morison, the less he could believe in their unforgiving natures or deep-seated wrongs. Either sister apart was gentle and affable, with the rare art of saying kind words in a kind fashion; little acts of neighborly attention, of friendly service to folk poorer than themselves, told of earnest, thoughtful, charitable women as forcibly as in the time when John Dax was poor. How was it possible that to each other these two should remain obdurate as fate? Poor John was not a philosopher or a man of any degree of depth; his little efforts to make them friends were exceedingly transparent; his futile appeals on trivial matters from one to another, when by some chance they were together, were very plain, and at times awkward, and finally they brought the schemer into trouble.

It was Mary Morison who faced him with reproof on this occasion. The days were drawing out toward the summer then, and John Dax called once or twice a week.

"I have seen for some time, John, that you are acquainted with a secret which my sister and I had hoped to hide from most people," she said to him one evening. "Will you tell me why you interfere?"

"You do not speak. I can not understand how so long a quarrel as this can last," he answered, readily. "You will not blame me, Miss Mary, for trying in my humble way to end it?"

"Why should you?" she inquired.

"It ain't natural: you and Miss Ellen should be the best of friends."

"It is unnatural, John, but it is not to be prevented. Do not interfere between us, please, or—"

She paused, and looked steadily at the young man, who said,

"Or what, Miss Mary? Don't be hard with me."

"Or it will be my place and hers to ask you not to come near us again—to keep away for good. For the good," she added, a moment afterward, "of the three of us."

John was crest-fallen. He could do no more after this. His own position, wherein he fairly hoped at times he had advanced a little, was in jeopardy, and he could not afford to be dismissed unceremoniously and forever from her presence. If he could only save her from the misery of this isolation by taking her to himself; if she would step some day from the eternal silence and gloom of that dreadful house—it had become dreadful to him now, knowing the ill feeling that was in it—and let him devote his life to making hers more happy than it possibly could be in her home; if she would only pity him—and herself!

Loving Mary Morison very truly, if very madly, it became natural on his part to distrust by degrees the elder sister, and to fancy that he read in Ellen's thoughtful gaze at him a growing dislike toward himself. He had sided indirectly with Mary; he had disregarded the advice of Ellen; he was there as often as excuses could take him to the house; he could not believe in any faults of the younger sister bringing about the cause of offense or distrust. In his place, and despite his effort, there was no stand to be taken on the neutral ground. Love held the scales, and turned the balance in Mary's favor.

"How long is this to last?" Ellen asked of him one day.

"Is what to last?" rejoined John, for the want of a better reply at the moment.

"This wasting of your life," was the sharp explanation proffered.

"Until I know the truth concerning her."

"And yourself, you mean?"

"Yes."

"It is very plain to see, but you come here with closed eyes," she said. "It is as I told you in the winter-time, and when you took no warning."

"I will hear all from your sister; let her give me my answer in good time."

"I am not likely to interfere between you; but you are not sane, John Dax, to dream on in this willful fashion."

"It is not to be helped now," John said, moodily.

And it was not. He had erected his idol; it had been his task from the days of his vagabondage, when Mary Morison was first kind to him, and when it collapsed it would crush him.

John Dax was not idle during his term of faithful service; in acquiring money he had learned the value of it and the necessity of storing it. He was not living wholly on his means; he had found employment, if not any great degree of pay, at a book-binder's, where he was slowly and laboriously, being somewhat dull of application, learning the craft. It would come in handy some day, when Mary had learned to like him, he thought at times, in the few sanguine moments which he had, and to which a kinder word or a brighter smile than ordinary would give birth. She blushed crimson, and turned her head from him at times, too—he was sure of that. Six months passed completely, and it was summer-time beyond the murky precincts of Gibbon Street, when Mary was missing from her customary post. The place behind the counter was occupied by Ellen Morison, but the gas was turned low in the parlor when the long daylight had gone, and there was no one now at work within. John noticed this on the first visit, and it was so uncommon an occurrence, so out of the common track of the dullness of life at the repository, that he said, quietly, even nervously,

"Where's Miss Mary?"

The face of the elder sister took a deeper shade of gloom as she answered, reluctantly,

"She is unwell to-day."

"Not very unwell?" he asked.

"No, not very, I hope."

John was not content with these laconic replies, but was compelled to accept them. He went away in a moody and dissatisfied condition, and the next morning he passed round by Gibbon Street on his way to business. The house was open, but there was no one in the shop or parlor, and he sat down and waited, with shaking hands and quivering lips, for some one to appear. His passion had taken a strong hold upon him now, and he was a very child in his excitement. He did not know how weak he was; he hardly knew how deep had become his reverence for Mary Morison until there seemed some hidden danger threatening her.

Presently Ellen came down stairs, very pale and stern, and stared with surprise at John's early visit.

"I could not go to work until I knew how your sister was," he said, humbly and apologetically.

"She is no better," was the answer.

"Has a doctor been sent for?"

"Yes."

"What does he say? What does he think?" asked John.

"He says she is very weak and low."

"Pray have further advice. Let me—"

"She is in good hands. She will have the best attention," Ellen replied, gravely.

John Dax re-appeared in the evening once more, and once more had to wait in the deserted shop, wherein the absence of its owner made but little difference to the business. He had something on his mind now which he wished to unburden to Ellen Morison, and he had been brooding upon it all day. It had stood between him and any honest application to work, and, at all hazards, he must say it.

When Ellen came down stairs at last, she said, quietly, as if she had expected to find him waiting there,

"She is no better, John."

It was the same information as he had received from her in the morning, but it foreboded sadder news to him.

"No better!" he cried; "and you so calm as this!"

"Hush, hush!" she said, as an expression of pain flitted across her face. "It is my duty to be calm."

"Is she in any danger?"

"God knows!" she replied. "The doctor tells me there is nothing to fear at present."

"*At present!* Then—"

She laid her hand upon his arm by way of caution.

"You are too loud-voiced, John, and the sick-room is only a few stairs above us. She is sleeping now; don't wake her for the world."

"I beg pardon—I am very sorry," he said, in his new confused way; "but you know—oh, you can guess how her illness troubles me!"

"Yes," she said, looking at him sorrowfully, "it is not hard to guess; but do you think I have no trouble too?"

"Oh yes, you must have now, for all these long years of injustice toward her."

"You are foolish and cruel," Ellen returned, half angrily. "How do you know I have been unjust?"

"You told me."

"It is she, poor woman! who— But there, I can not explain to you. You must not talk of it at a time like this."

"You are kinder in your heart toward her—she is lying ill, dangerously ill: you speak to her now?"

"She does not speak to me," was the reply. "To hear my voice is to aggravate her fever."

"She shall not lie like this, neglected. Who is the doctor? let me seek him out; let me tell him—"

"Nothing of our lives or of our enmity, if enmity it be now," she said, interrupting him. "John Dax, you must not interfere. Leave her to me and to God."

She put her hands to her face, and murmured some low words, as of a prayer, before she took them down again, and John Dax had it not in his heart to distress her any more then. It was only in the streets, which he paced that night till a late hour, that the old doubts came back with tenfold force, that he thought down all the manifestations of the elder sister's grief, and read from the blurred pages of his heated brain a wild history of neglect and apathy, possibly revenge. He must interfere; he must warn some one of Ellen Morison, and of the old feud between her and her sister; he must not remain passive, with the woman whom he loved in danger, and that other woman, who surely hated her, her only nurse. His distrust was weakened again by the calm force of Ellen Morison's demeanor, when, more white and haggard than herself, he faced her the next morning.

Before he could ask the question she had answered him, and for the third time with the old heart-crushing words,

"She is no better!"

"She is dying," John Dax raved, "and you are keeping it from me."

"No, no; there is hope—great hope, I pray," said Ellen. "Don't think that, my poor weak fellow."

"Why do you leave her to herself—that is, to yourself—when kind words, kind looks, are wanted to keep her brave and strong?" he cried. "Great Heaven! to think I can do nothing—that she is lying there without a friend!"

"I am the best friend she has in the world, perhaps," she murmured.

"It is not true—it can't be true," cried John. "You have quarreled with her; she never hears your voice."

"It would not benefit her now," said Ellen, wildly.

"You are wrong."

"No, I am right. She does not know who I am, or where she is; she is delirious."

John wrung his hands in his despair. He would have raved forth again in his grief had not Ellen's hand, as on the first day of tribulation, rested on his arm and checked him.

"I asked you yesterday to leave her to me and to God," she said, very sternly. "I demand it to-day as my right. You must not come again to unnerve me. If you are thus childish, you had better keep away for her sake."

John was awed by her manner. Once again the belief that he had misjudged her stole to his mind; once again when he was away from her all the doubts returned. By these doubts beset, he sought the doctor who attended at the sick-house and harassed him with many questions, troubling him by injunctions as to secrecy as regarded his visit, and puzzling that worthy but small practitioner very much.

"She is in a critical state," he said, when closely pressed by John Dax's inquiries, "but in no immediate danger. She may rally suddenly from the fever even, for she is young."

"Is she well nursed—well cared for?"

"She has her own sister, who watches night and day. Ellen Morison is killing herself with overnursing."

"Tell her so, please."

"I have told her so already, but it is no use."

John Dax groaned.

"Are you in any way related to my patient?" the doctor asked, curiously.

"No, Sir."

"Ah, a sweetheart, perhaps," he said, with an effort to put a cheerful tone upon the subject of discourse; "if so, I hope I may give you permission to see her in a day or two."

"No, Sir, not a sweetheart," he answered, mournfully; "but if I might only see her—only be sure—"

And then he came to a full stop, lest he should do Ellen Morison an irreparable injury by his doubts of her. There was innate heroism in this weak fellow's character; he was distrustful, but he would not injure her by a word while there were only his own doubts to fight against.

The next day there was the same soul-depressing news; but on the day that followed there came hope.

"She is a little better."

On the day following that she was conscious, but very weak. It was the weakness now which Mary had to fight against, the doctor had said, only a few minutes ago, and from that she might sink if great care were not exercised. John waited for the doctor, who told him the same facts, regarding him very curiously and critically meanwhile.

On the third day of better news Ellen Morison came down and faced him with the old grave aspect.

"Not worse?" he cried, in new alarm.

"No, not worse."

"Better, then?"

"I hope so."

"The doctor has been?"

"Yes. He tells me that Mary is very anxious to see you."

"To see me!" exclaimed John. "She has thought of me, then—spoken of me?"

"Yes. Will you go up stairs and see her? Can I trust you to be calm, whatever she says?"

"You can."

"Her life may be in your hands, remember, but she will see you now."

"I am so glad of that!"

"Ah! do not be mistaken in this hour, for the truth is very near to you."

"Do you know what she is going to say, then?" he asked.

"Yes, I think I do."

John looked inquiringly at her, but she pointed to the narrow stairs on the right of the parlor, and he went up them with a faltering step and a heart that beat wildly with surprise, fear, and even joy.

CHAPTER VI.

CONFESSION.

John Dax went softly into the room where the one romance of his life was sinking fast away. Surely sinking from life, as well as from romance, was the wan and wasted figure lying there, with two great anxious eyes regarding him very wistfully as he entered.

"Oh, poor Mary!" murmured the man as he advanced with noiseless step to the bedside, where she seemed to vanish for a while in the thick mist which rose before him.

There was a silence of some moments, for John was mastering his emotion and growing brave by slow degrees; he had promised Ellen Morison that he would not break down, and was fighting hard to keep his word. It would disturb Mary, too, and that was of more importance than any promise he had made. Presently Mary spoke, and in so faint a whisper that he had to lower his head to catch her words.

"You must not mind my asking you to my room, John," she said, "but it is hard to guess when I may be down stairs again. I have been anxious about you for some time—very, very anxious to tell you something."

"I am listening," said John. "Don't hurry; there is plenty of time."

He sat down by the bedside, and laid his hand for an instant on her arm, which was too weak to stir beneath his gentle pressure. The mist rose up before his eyes again, and his heart beat very fast. Was she going to tell him that she had read his secret—he who had made no sign of his affection, and had been always grave and silent and subservient, like the poor waif whom her charity had warmed to love long years ago? Was she going to pity him, and say good-by? Was she going to tell him that with health and strength returning she might even learn to love him in good time, and that he must take heart and grieve for her no longer? Had the feud ended between the sisters, as at such a time as this it should have done, and had Ellen told her of his passion? Was he as near the truth as she was nigh unto death in that hour?

"You seem to have been my friend so long, John," she continued—"to be the only one left to me."

"You are very kind to say so, Mary. May I call you Mary now?"

"If you will," she answered; "if you wish it."

"Yes, I wish it," he murmured; "and if it is no offense to you," he added, anxiously, "for, after all, I—"

"You are the one friend I have," she repeated. "When I came back from all those dreadful dreams, I thought of you first as one on whom I could rely."

"God bless you for that!"

"I knew you would aid me, and not be too severe with me."

"I am glad to help, of course," replied John, somewhat bewildered.

"I can not ask Ellen; you know I dare not speak to her," she said, in a more excited whisper.

"Not now? Will she not speak even in this hour?" asked John. "Will—"

"Hush! not her fault, but mine," said she, interrupting him. "I am weighed down by an awful oath which I dare not, will not break. There is no help for it, unless you help me."

"Is it in *my* power?"

"I pray it is—I think it is," she answered.

"Ah! there is no happier task you can set me, Mary," he cried.

"You were always warm-hearted, John—kind, unselfish, faithful," murmured Mary. "The little good I ever brought to your life will be repaid a hundredfold to-day."

"What can I do?"

"You must put your hand on mine again, and promise to forgive the poor weak girl lying here before you. That is the beginning, John, of—of all that is to come!"

She was very feverish and nervous again. In the excitement she struggled hard to raise her voice, and he hastened to assure her and to calm her.

"I promise to do every thing, Mary; but you know—you must know—that I have nothing to forgive," he cried. "Great Heaven! what have you ever been to me but the one blessing of my life?"

"A man different from yourself might learn to curse me, John."

"No, no."

"For I have been very weak and guilty, and it is my crime that has helped to lay me low," she replied. "I—I discovered long ago that there was money in that parcel which you left in trust to me, and I have spent it all—given it all away to bring back hope to me! Pity me, forgive me. I could not live on in my misery any longer!"

[TO BE CONCLUDED NEXT WEEK.]

SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE.

WHILE astronomy has been busy with the problem of the sun's distance, physics has contributed an independent solution to this question. M. CORNU, of the French Academy of Sciences, has repeated the celebrated experiments on the velocity of light which were proposed by FOUCAULT and FIZEAU some twenty-five years ago. He has himself improved the method of FIZEAU, and his experiments were exhaustively conducted, and have been perfectly successful.

M. CORNU chose for his two stations the Observatory of Paris and the tower of Montlhéry, whose distance apart (about fifteen miles) is very precisely known. The beam of light passing from the observatory fell upon a toothed wheel revolving no less than 1600 times per second; a portion of the beam, escaping through the interval between two teeth, passed on to a reflector at Montlhéry, and returned thence to the revolving wheel. If the rotation of the wheel during the time required for the light to travel to and fro over twice the distance between the two stations interposed a tooth in the path of the ray, an extinction of the luminous impression occurred, and from the known velocity of rotation of the wheel, and the known distance of the stations, the velocity of light could be had. By revolving the wheel at different rates this extinction could be made to occur at the fourth, fifth, sixth, etc., tooth. A great accordance characterizes CORNU's results, and high importance attaches to this delicate research. All the observations were made at night by the aid of a Drummond light, except one which was made by sunlight. Exceptionally still weather was chosen for each experiment. From these observations there results a velocity for light *in vacuo* of 300,400 kilometers per second (186,700 English miles), with a probable error of less than $\frac{1}{1000}$ of the whole amount. The solar parallax is directly deducible from CORNU's velocity of light in two ways. Thus, combining it with DELAMBRE's value for the *equation of light*, we find a solar parallax of 8.88", while BRADLEY's value of the *aberration of light* gives a parallax 8.88", and STRUVE's value of the *aberration* constant gives 8.80". M. CORNU in his elegant memoir gives a summary of the values of the sun's parallax as deduced by various methods. The harmony of the results is marvelous when we consider with how minute a quantity we are dealing. The eight values that may be thus deduced range between 8.80" and 8.88"; and it is not likely that the transit of Venus will give a much better determination.

The usual annual meeting of the American Fish-culturists' Association was held in New York on the 9th and 10th of February, at the office of Mr. GEORGE SHEPARD PAGE, a leading member of the body in question. A large attendance was present from most parts of the country, embracing some of the most accomplished and successful fish-culturists of the United States and Canada. Among the more notable persons present were Hon. ROBERT B. ROOSEVELT, president of the association, Mr. A. S. COLLINS, SETH GREEN, FRED MATHER, Dr. HUDSON and Mr. PIKE, of Connecticut, E. A. BRACKETT, Dr. M. C. EDMUNDS, B. B. PORTER, A. A. ANDERSON, H. J. REEDER, RUDOLPH HESSEL, and others.

Various communications in reference to practical pisciculture were presented and discussed during the meeting.

On the 11th of February a meeting of the State Fish Commissioners was held at the Fifth Avenue Hotel, called by Professor BAIRD, the United States Fish Commissioner, the principal object being the consideration of the most important subjects connected with the labors of the State Commissioners. Mr. J. W. MILNER, the Assistant Commissioner of Fisheries, read a paper, which was considered, and recommended by the meeting for publication.

Considerable attention has been directed in England to the ravages committed on the potato crop in America by the "Colorado beetle." The English government has been urged to take means to prevent the introduction of the pest by prohibiting the importation of American seed-potatoes, but, in view of the effect such a measure would probably have in raising the price of the article in the English market, it has not yet taken this step, though it is stated that this course has already been or will shortly be pursued by the governments of Austria and Belgium.

The report of the American Museum of Natural History for 1874 has just been published by the directors. The rapid progress that has been made in the enterprise is best shown by the announcement that the corner-stone of the new fire-proof building was laid during the year, and that the whole will probably be completed in the course of the year 1875.

The more important additions to the collections of the museum during the year have been the conchological cabinet of Dr. JOHN C. JAY, embracing 50,000 specimens, and a valuable library of conchological works of about 1000 volumes. Mr. R. A. WITTHOUSE has presented 2000 species of American coleoptera. A series of sixteen skeletons of the gigantic moas, or fossil birds of New Zealand, is now on its way to New York. The department of anthropology has been enlarged by the purchase of the collections of Indian antiquities made by Dr. E. H. DAVIS and by E. G. SQUIER, and that of mineralogy by the purchase of a collection of minerals, embracing 7000 cabinet specimens.

During 1874 $13,000 were subscribed for the purchase of new and attractive collections, which sum was invested in procuring the series just mentioned. There is at present no definite endowment to meet the expenses of the museum, the institution being dependent for this upon the contributions of its annual members, who pay $10 each. Subscriptions of $100 and upward are reserved for increasing the collections. The membership has been augmented during the year from 350 to 1100, and it is hoped it will soon be sufficiently large to furnish all the means necessary to secure the best scientific assistance in the various branches of the museum.

The annual report of the United States Light-house Board for the year ending June 30, 1874, has just been published, forming a volume of 118 pages, with several illustrations of new light-houses and light-ships.

A correspondent of the *Athenæum* raises a note of warning as to the amount of reliance to be placed upon the offers of the King of Siam to furnish the necessary quarters and assistance to the English expedition, should one be organized to visit his country during the approaching eclipse in April next. He thinks that, with all willingness, the impending political troubles will interfere, and that the execution of the royal order will be intrusted to officials who will probably take very little interest in the matter, and that it will be well to consider how far the royal aid is necessary in the enterprise, and to rely as little as possible upon this aid in the accomplishment of the mission of such a party.

We are enabled to give some fuller particulars in reference to the Western China expedition, which left Rangoon in the middle of December, 1874, to re-open the old trade route between Upper Burmah and Yun-nan. Colonel HORACE BROWN is commander of the expedition, and Mr. NEY ELIAS is the topographer. Dr. JOHN ANDERSON, director of the Imperial Museum at Calcutta, has been appointed medical director and naturalist, accompanied by four collectors, two zoological and two botanical. At Calcutta the expedition was provided with a guard of fifteen soldiers and two native doctors.

At Rangoon they were to be joined by an *attaché* of the British embassy at Pekin and a Chinese interpreter. Another of the Pekin *attachés*, with an interpreter and guard, is to be dispatched from Shanghai into the interior of China to meet them. Dr. ANDERSON takes with him a fine photographic apparatus and a considerable sum of money, to be laid out in presents for the chiefs and other head men who may be met with on the route.

It is thought that a few months will be sufficient to make the journey from the upper waters of the Irrawaddy to those of the Yang-tse-kiang, which river will then be descended to the sea-coast of China. The Chinese government has given every facility in the way of passports, and there is abundant prospect of a successful result.

N. W. CLARKE, of Northville, Michigan, has lately published an interesting address upon the habits of certain fish and their artificial breeding, delivered before the Detroit Scientific Association, in which he embodies his own experiences in hatching white-fish. His lecture was chiefly intended to illustrate the efficiency of a device recently patented by himself for retarding the too rapid hatching of the white-fish eggs, so that their development and introduction into the water may be made to correspond with that season of early spring during which, as Mr. CLARKE maintains, the proper food can alone be obtained.

Sir VICTOR BROOKE, a high authority in every thing relating to the *Cervidæ*, or the deer family, takes occasion to criticise the supposed species of fossil deer described by Mr. BOYD DAWKINS under the name of *Cervus brownii*. This he shows, by perfectly satisfactory evidence, to be identical with the common *Cervus dama*, or fallow deer, of Europe. If this view is correct, then the fallow deer existed in England during the pleistocene period; but whether it became extinct in Northern Europe before the advent of prehistoric man, and whether it continued to exist in the British Isles even at the commencement of the Roman occupation, are questions yet to be solved.

The date of the International Congress of Geographical Science, which was proposed to be held under the auspices of the Geographical Society of Paris in March, has been postponed, the exposition opening on the 15th of July, and to continue at least until the 15th of August.

The question of the regular distribution throughout the community of standard uniform time has been well tested by Professor LANGLEY, of Pittsburg, who during the past five years has steadily extended the system of telegraphic connections between the astronomical observatory of that city and the railroads that centre therein. The magnificent new City Hall has in its turret a large tower clock, built by the Messrs. HOWARD, of Boston, which by electrical connections is made to beat, second by second, in perfect unison with the standard clock at the observatory. A person at the latter building can, if necessary, even adjust the tower clock by telegraph, and can at any moment ascertain whether its indications are correct or not. The large bell of the tower is struck with the utmost accuracy at noon and at every third hour throughout the day and night, and the public appreciation of the convenience and utility of the general system of absolutely accurate time is noticed in the universal comparison of watches daily at the stroke of noon. This ordinarily causes a movement so general and simultaneous throughout the city as on the one hand to amuse a stranger, and on the other hand to demonstrate how nervously anxious Americans are to secure the highest attainable accuracy in the time-keepers on which they depend for the regulation of private as well as public business. During nearly two years that the system has been in operation it is stated that there has not been any interruption from the failure of electric mechanism, and the utility of the system certainly more than justifies the expense which the city has been at in establishing this now recognized public necessity, which can not hereafter be dispensed with. In fact, the amount of time wasted through the discrepancies of clocks and watches is very considerable, and is directly felt by each individual in the missing of appointments or the needless loss of time in waiting. On very many accounts the country would be benefited by the introduction throughout the whole region east of the Rocky Mountains of some uniform standard of time which should replace the innumerable and often erroneous "local times," and by which not only railroad, telegraph, and stock business might be managed, but which should be adopted also in governmental and in private matters.

RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCE.

Calendar.

APRIL.

Sunday,	4.—First Sunday after Easter.
Sunday,	11.—Second Sunday after Easter.
Sunday,	18.—Third Sunday after Easter.
Sunday,	25.—St. Mark, the Evangelist; Fourth Sunday after Easter.

MAY.

Saturday,	1.—SS. Philip and James.
Sunday,	2.—Fifth Sunday after Easter.
Thursday,	6.—Ascension-day.
Sunday,	9.—Sunday after Ascension.
Sunday,	16.—Whit-Sunday.
Sunday,	23.—Trinity-Sunday.
Sunday,	30.—First Sunday after Trinity,

WE have entered upon an era of religious revival. Mr. VARLEY, the English evangelist, has been addressing audiences estimated to number not less than 10,000 at BARNUM's Hippodrome. He is also conducting "Bible readings" and "inquiry meetings," which are largely attended. Messrs. WHITTLE and BLISS, whose work in Louisville has already been noticed in this Intelligence, have received a joint invitation from the pastors of Nashville to visit that city. Mr. HAMMOND is holding similar and successful meetings in San Francisco. His addresses to children have been strongly condemned as being too emotional. To this the *Occident* of that city replies that Mr. HAMMOND's appeals can do no harm to the good children, and "as for the bad ones—the hoodlums and wharf-rats—if they should be converted only till next morning, it would be so much clear gain." Mr. R. PEARSALL SMITH, another American, whose meetings at Oxford last summer we have noticed, is on his way to Berlin, where he expects to engage in religious labors.

An account was given a few weeks since of a like manifestation of zealous Christian activity among the English-speaking population of India. The meetings held in London by Messrs. MOODY and SANKEY have excited all the interest that was anticipated. The crowds in attendance are enormous, and, on the whole, decorous in behavior. It is remarkable that the leaders in these religious movements are laymen, without clerical orders, and originally from business life.

Mr. HUTCHINSON, the missionary who came so near losing his life in Acapulco, is now in this city. Several of his congregation have also fled from Acapulco, and have taken refuge in San Francisco. They are certified by the United States consul to be good, industrious persons, whose only offense is their Protestantism. Two of them have been employed, under the direction of the American Tract Society, as missionaries in California.

A convention of the Christians of Ohio opposed to secret societies, which was held in the town of Mansfield, in February, was the scene of a very unusual event. The Rev. HENRY COGSWELL, of the Church of the United Brethren, rose from his seat on the platform, just before the close of the proceedings, and announcing that he was a Royal Arch Mason, "read in a clear and deliberate voice his entire recantation of all the oaths and obligations he had taken in the Masonic order, and declared his absolute renunciation of all affiliation with the system forever, and his determination to adhere to this action to the end of his life, come what would." Mr. COGSWELL assigned as his reason for this act his conviction that Masonry conflicted with his obligations as a Christian and a minister.

Though SWEDENBORG, the founder of the New Jerusalem Church, was a Swede, very little has been done for the propagation of his peculiar faith in his native country. The lack of religious toleration has been a serious obstacle. Since the passage of the "Toleration Act" a society of sixty members has been organized in Stockholm. Pastor BOJESON, of Copenhagen, who was educated in America, has recently visited Stockholm, with a view to the promotion of the cause of Swedenborgianism there.

The question of a rotary eldership is now under consideration in the Presbyterian Church of this country. An overture has been sent down by the General Assembly of 1874 to the Presbyteries, and they are now voting upon it. It authorizes any church to elect its ruling elders for a term of years, provided that the number of years be not less than three, and provided also that the *office* shall be permanent even though the service be but temporary. Once elected, a ruling elder remains an elder for life. The probability is that the measure will be carried.

The American Bible Society congratulates the country on the appointment of one of its vice-presidents, the Hon. HORACE MAYNARD, as United States minister to Turkey. There are important reasons why we as a nation should be represented at Constantinople by an envoy who is in full sympathy with the work of Christian missions in the East. That work, as carried on by Americans, has attained an importance hardly understood by those who have not studied its details. The American Bible Society expends annually through its Levant agency $40,000; the Presbyterian Board appropriates to its missions in Syria more than $50,000. The American Board expended last year $156,635 in Turkey, where they are represented by 133 American missionaries. American colleges have been established at Constantinople, Beyrout, and Aintab; a bible-house stands on the shores of the Bosphorus; and the printing of the Scriptures in the various languages of the Turkish Empire is carried forward on a large scale. There is no question that the Turks are indisposed to abide in good faith by the guarantee of religious toleration made some years since. The obstructions placed in the way of Christian teachers show too plainly that Mohammedan bigotry is aroused, and that its manifestations are covertly supported by the government itself. Mr. MAYNARD is a member of the Presbyterian Church.

The Russo-Greek Church is represented in San Francisco by JOHANNES, Bishop of Alaska. His congregation, which, according to the *Pacific*, is a numerous one, is composed largely of sailors and fishermen. The diocese of the bishop is said to be very extensive.

The Old Catholics have fourteen theological students in the University of Bonn.

It is well known that the United Presbyterians of this country are sustaining missions in Upper Egypt. In the city of Cairo they have established a boarding and day school for girls. In and about Osiout, in the Upper Nile Valley, they have gathered a Protestant community of 2000 persons. They report also that during the year 1874, 4344 volumes of religious books were sold in Egypt by colporteurs.

The Bishop of Peterborough's bill makes good progress in Parliament, and is likely to become a law. It is to be known briefly as the "Church Patronage Act, 1875." If passed in its present form, it will take effect January 1, 1876. After certain formalities observed, the bishop of a diocese is to give notice of an intended presentation to the parishioners. Any three or more parishioners may, if they so will, present a caveat against the appointment. The grounds of the caveat are limited to immorality committed within the three years preceding, or physical incapacity. The caveat or caveats may be heard by the bishop and his chancellor, the ecclesiastical judge, or her Majesty's Privy Council. Before the appointment can take effect, the patron of the living must declare that he has not purchased the right of presentation, and has not presented the intended incumbent in consideration of "any reward, gift, profit, or benefit," or any promise thereof. The clergyman must make a declaration that he has not given any fee for the presentation, nor entered into any contract for that purpose, or purchased the advowson. The forms provided for these declarations are very minute and very stringent.

Ceylon is likely to be added to the list of English colonies in which church and state have been separated. At present the government makes an annual grant of nearly 90,000 rupees for the support of Episcopal and Presbyterian clergymen. This grant has always been resisted by the Baptists, and now the Buddhists make a claim of government aid for the repair of their temples, which are falling into decay. The present Governor of Ceylon, Mr. W. H. GREGORY, was formerly an adherent of Mr. GLADSTONE, and favors the withdrawal of the government grants from the Churches. The working of the state system is well illustrated in a letter from Ceylon: "£10,000 a year is voted for the salaries of men in the colony, and in addition a large sum goes in the shape of pensions to clergymen who have staid here the regulation number of years, and who now have highly paid 'charges' in Australia, England, and Scotland, besides the fat pensions they draw from a land which needs every penny of its revenue for the opening up of the country and the support of existing institutions. To crown all, there are now *in England* three Bishops of Colombo—Bishop CHAPMAN, who draws a pension of nearly £1000 per annum; Bishop CLAUGHTON, who draws no pension while Archdeacon of London; and Bishop JERMYN, who arrived here early in 1872, and has already been once away from the island, drawing full salary, £4000 per annum."

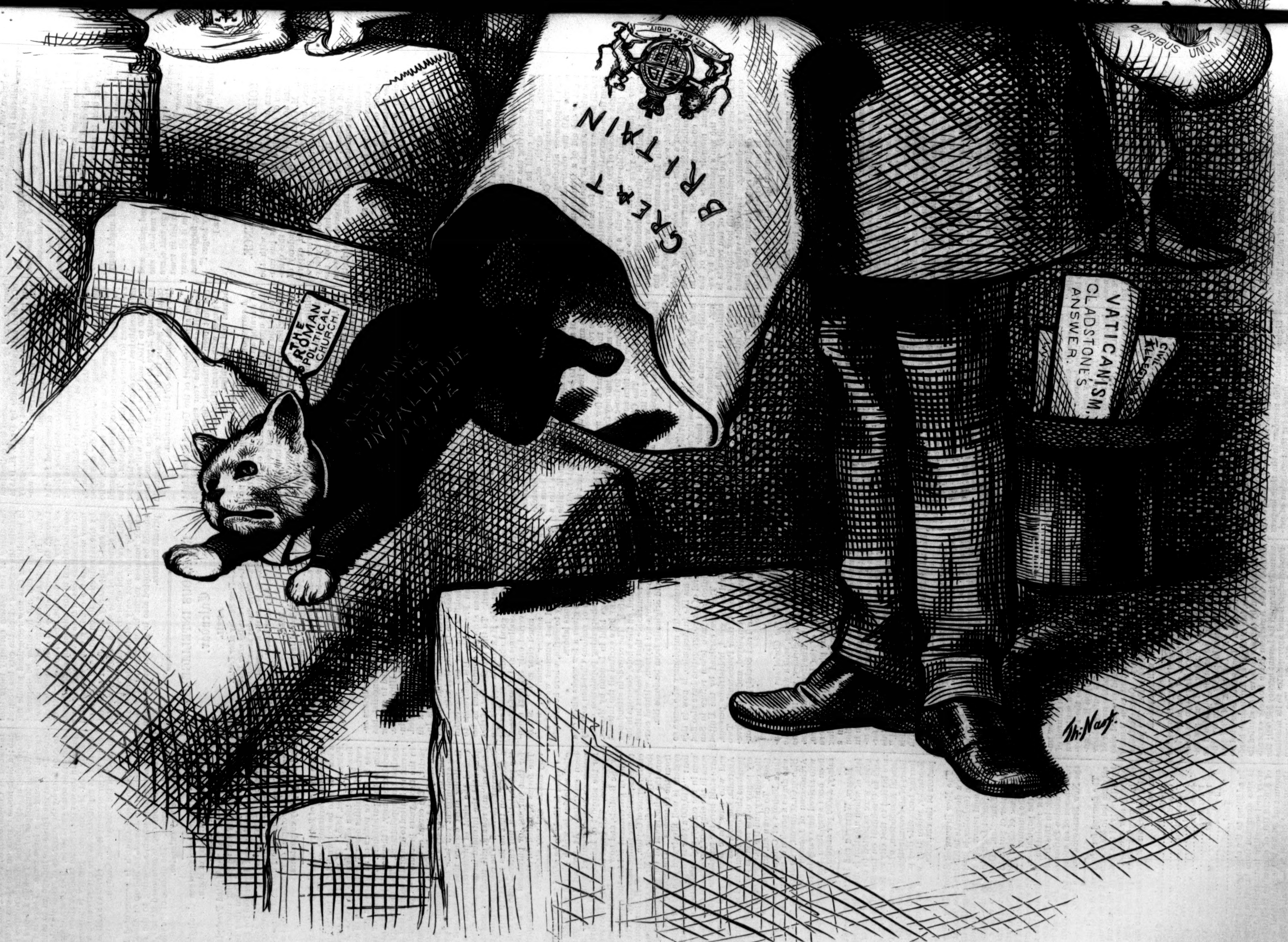
Messrs. WHITTLE and BLISS, the lay evangelists, of whom mention is made in another paragraph, were expected to open a series of meetings in Cincinnati on the 23d of March. They are invited to that city by the Evangelical Ministerial Association, which is composed of ministers of all denominations of Protestants. After leaving Louisville they proceeded to Lexington, Kentucky, where they were welcomed by the pastors of the churches.

The New Brunswick School Law, over which such a desperate battle has been fought by the Roman Catholics, is justifying itself by its fruits. The annual report has recently been laid before the Provincial Legislature by the Superintendent of Education. During the winter of 1874 the number of pupils in attendance was 44,785, an increase of 4380; the number in attendance during the summer of 1873 was one out of every 6.72 of the population. An amendment to the COSTIGAN resolution, similar to that reported last week in this Intelligence, was adopted by the Dominion Parliament. Its effect is to kill the scheme of an address to the Crown against the New Brunswick School Law.

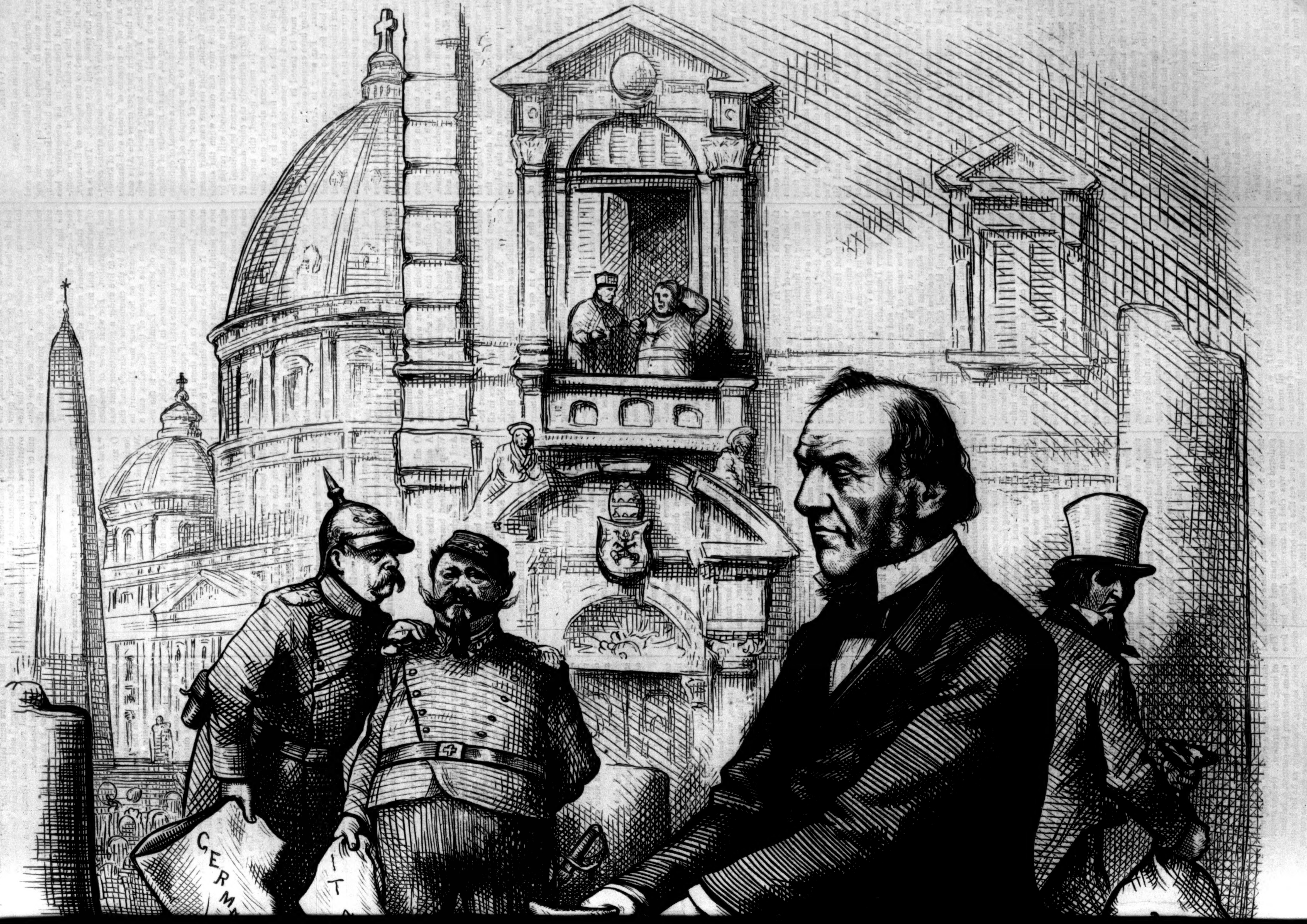
The demand for the taxation of church property has led in Massachusetts to an examination, by authority of the State, of the amount of such property now exempt. The State Commissioners have recently reported it to be $30,242,800, which is thus distributed among the various denominations:

Baptist	$4,476,250
Catholic	5,707,150
Congregational	7,753,500
Episcopal	2,164,850
Methodist	3,319,000
Unitarian	4,037,050
Universalist	1,437,150
All others	1,347,850
Total	$30,242,800

In addition to the above church property, there is also exempted from taxation property of literary and scientific institutions to the amount of $16,712,100, of charitable institutions to the amount of $6,508,900, agricultural societies to the amount of $481,300—total, $23,702,300. The aggregate of property in Massachusetts exempt from taxation is over fifty millions.


THE ROMAN POLITICAL CHURCH
FIRST ALLEGIANCE TO THE INFALLIBLE POPE
GREAT BRITAIN
DIEU ET MON DROIT
PLURIBUS UNUM
VATICANISM. GLADSTONE'S ANSWER.
CIVIL ALLEG
Th. Nast.

THE SAME ULTRAMONTANE CAT ALL OVER THE WORLD.—[See Article, "Ultramontanism the World over," on Page 282.]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ULTRAMONTANISM THE WORLD OVER.

[See Illustration on Double Page.]

The struggle between ultramontanism and progress, which in Europe seems to threaten war and universal terror, which holds Italy, Spain, France, and Germany in an uncertainty less painful only than actual strife, in our own country is still confined to the regions of literature, politics, the press, and the schools. There is as yet no danger here of ultramontane armies essaying to suppress by force the free course of knowledge, and of a crusade of priests and fanatics such as that which may yet cross the Alps and the Rhine. Yet the last twenty years have witnessed such a rapid growth of the ultramontane influence among us, such an increase of foreign bigotry and intolerance, such a spread of opinions altogether opposed to the principles of freedom, such servility among many of our politicians to the foreign faction, that no one can safely assert that the time may not come when the subtle agents of the ultramontane school will ravish by force what they now would extort by political intrigue, and form distinctly the chief danger of the republic. To many, indeed, this arrogant and unyielding sect seems already one of our chief perils. Here their first aim is to crush knowledge, and their remarkable activity and energy may be traced in parts of our country where they have escaped even the observation of the press. Far away in Arizona, where we might look for the purest form of freedom and sectarian indifference, where a new republic had sprung up amidst the magnificent scenery of the silver-bearing mountains, untouched by a trace of European caste or superstition, the old struggle has begun which raged in the Vaudois valleys and in the fens of Holland. An ultramontane faction has gained the control of the Legislature, an ultramontane judge delivers lectures in favor of sectarian schools, the common schools have received a serious check, and the Sisters of St. Joseph are maintained at the public expense. In New Mexico a similar contest has begun, and the ultramontanes have resolved to force the teachers of the public schools to use only text-books written by the Jesuits. In Oregon an association has been formed to destroy the American system of instruction, and the whole Democratic party is apparently pledged to the ultramontanes to aid them in their disastrous policy. For it is certain that if in either of these fresh, untrammeled communities the new generations should be educated in the European traditions of a foreign Church, or if they should be divided by intense sectarian rivalry, and forget their common brotherhood as freemen, if their minds are clouded by narrow bigotry, if they are taught to expel the ashes of the Protestant from the grave-yard, to loathe the heretic, and persecute all who do not believe in the papal infallibility, there will be no lasting peace for Arizona, New Mexico, and the Pacific States. The republic demands a common education for all its children, and repels and defies the selfish exclusiveness of ultramontane teaching.

A Jesuit priest in New York has recently shocked the patriotic feeling even of his own congregation by expressing openly that hatred and abhorrence of the American system of education which every member of the ultramontane faction entertains. It is as school-masters that the Jesuits have always obtained their chief triumphs in Europe and the East; and possibly some sentiment of rivalry and emulation, some sense of mortification at the neglect and contempt into which their own mode of education has every where fallen, some jealousy of that free and gracious system of instruction to which our republic welcomes all its children, may have imbittered the zeal of the too candid priest. Yet he said only what his Church teaches, and his allies from Oregon to the Vatican believe. He said that the public schools were the nurseries of vice—godless, corrupt, immoral. He declared that those who sent their children to them were not to expect the mercy of Heaven nor the sacraments of the Church; that he would refuse the last rites to any parent who suffered his children to attend them; that he would as soon "administer the sacraments to a dog" as to Catholics who had committed so great a crime; and he expressed openly that enduring hatred for a liberal education which lies at the base of papal aggression in Europe and America. Had our Irish Jesuit been learned in modern statistics, he would have known that the crimes and vices of our great cities come from that class of the people who have never attended any school, and are chiefly his own countrymen, the devoted members of his own Church; and that whatever might be the imperfections of the common-school system, they were as nothing compared to the intense mental and moral degradation produced by the prevalence of ultramontane ignorance. Ultramontanism fills our jails and overburdens our almshouses.

The hatred of the ultramontanes for the American mode of education, the system which would embrace forty millions of people in one liberal and generous sentiment of brotherhood and of republicanism, has shown itself in far worse acts than idle declamation, and every where the Democratic party has been converted into a servile agent of the foreign sect in the assault upon the growth of knowledge. No sooner had Missouri fallen into the power of the Confederates and ultramontanes, who wear the honored garb of Democracy only to dishonor and destroy it, than they introduced a bill into the Legislature to divide the school fund among sectarian schools. "This assault," the St. Louis *Globe*, January 22, tells us, "is as stupid as it is malicious." It still hopes to baffle the efforts of the enemies of knowledge. But it is difficult to see how the educational system of this great State can be saved from the combined assault of the Democracy and the Roman Catholics. Misled by Mr. Schurz and his allies, the Germans, who hold the balance of power in Missouri, grew lukewarm to the cause of Republicanism, the Republicans were driven from office, and the Confederates now openly seek to propitiate the ultramontanes and the foreign Pope by sacrificing the high interests of American education. If they destroy the common schools, it is easy to see that Missouri must sink back into a kind of barbarism, and may no longer attract capital and immigration. For what lover of freedom would care to live under a government that was controlled by the champions of slavery and the foreign priests? or how long may Missouri be secure from the ravages of the Ku-Klux and a new reign of terror? Equally plain is the design of the ultramontanes in Illinois, Ohio, and Indiana to insist upon the total ruin of the American system of education, and equally ready is every Democratic leader to aid them in their attempt. It would be indeed a curious if it were not so painful a spectacle to see how easily a foreign priest, sitting in the Vatican, controls by a gentle touch the most powerful springs of American politics, and determines the result of elections in the distant corners of the great West. The Pope commands, his bishops obey mechanically, and at once we have a series of sermons and pastorals against the common schools, to which every Democratic leader is forced to listen, or he will lose forever the chief part of his supporters at the polls. "If you do not nominate Mr. Kernan," Governor Seymour is reported to have said to the Protestant Democracy, "you will drive away thousands of intelligent and patriotic Roman Catholics from our party." And Mr. Kernan was nominated, although the *Freeman's Journal* declares him to be wholly opposed to unsectarian schools. The impulse from Rome fills all the West. Bishop De St. Palais, of Vincennes, threatens to excommunicate any Catholic parent who dares to educate his children in the public schools, and the priests of Chicago already are agitating for a division of the school fund; Bishop Gilmour, of Ohio, directs his people how to vote from the pulpit, and repeats the injunction to them to suffer no education that is unsectarian. The contest between European and American ideas rages in all our cities. New Haven and Springfield, Newark and Buffalo, are equally disturbed by it. Bishops M'Quaid and Ryan repeat the mandates of the Vatican in our western counties, lament over the woes of Catholics who are forced to pay for schools which their priests will not suffer them to use, and enlarge, amidst prisons overflowing with their own ignorant people, upon the dangers of American education. These "godless American common schools," the bishops tell us, are only fountains of corruption and seminaries of sin. The Pope in a recent Allocution pursues the same strain. Of the teachers of the common schools at Rome he says: "The opening of these schools, where for the most part impiety reigns mistress, and employs every means of corrupting infancy and youth, should most excite your zealous pastors." Every Jesuit echoes his language from Stonyhurst to the Pacific, and the dreadful impulse of fanaticism and ignorance swells westward, until it delivers New York into the hands of thieves and vagabonds, covers the land with discord, and rises at Acapulco to the height of a hideous massacre.

Such is the ultramontanism to which the Democratic party has chained itself by irrevocable ties, and to which it hopes to transfer the control of the whole country in 1876. Sanguine as are the violent papists of precipitating a war in Europe, of uniting the fanaticism of France, Austria, and Bavaria in an assault upon Bismarck and the Prussians, they have still stronger hopes in our country of checking the course of freedom and seizing upon the control of education. Every trait of our national politics, every struggle for supremacy in Arizona or Oregon, is known to the acute agents of the Vatican, and stimulates their zeal. Every Democratic victory is looked upon as their own triumph, and every rebel massacre helps on the cause of Rome. What the ultramontanes have done in the city of New York may well show what they mean to do hereafter. At the recent election fifty thousand of the most fanatical and bigoted followers of the Pope, led on by the foreign chiefs of Tammany Hall, won by a small majority a victory over the disunited Germans and Americans. Tammany Hall, with all its odious associations, once more came into power. A frightful murder committed by its adherents marked the day of election, which has been left unpunished, by what influences no citizen can be unconscious. The bitterest rebels have been selected to fill high offices and govern New York. Every patriotic sentiment has been defied, every American impulse outraged. Men hot from the slaughters of Louisiana or Mississippi have been welcomed by our new rulers as their natural allies, men tainted by the worst memories of the rebellion are placed in control of patriotic citizens, and the 50,000 or 60,000 ultramontane voters who gave the city into the power of the Democrats and of Tammany Hall already meditate a general plunder, and would sack its treasury as in the days of Hall and Tweed. Honesty, education, progress, wither beneath the rule of our foreign masters, and the vices, the filth, the ignorance, which have been banished by the Italians from Papal Rome seem to have been conveyed by a miracle over the ocean to New York. But can this conspiracy of the ultramontanes and dishonest Democrats, so triumphant here, prove successful in other States? Shall European ideas overwhelm American thought and all the elements of freedom which our fathers fled from European tyranny to plant in the New World? Will not intelligent American republicans of all races or creeds unite to crush the growth of ultramontanism and stop the reign of brutal ignorance? In one State the ultramontane Democracy has received a plain check; it may be hoped that cultivated Connecticut will lead the way to the overthrow of the enemies of American education and of human progress.

Eugene Lawrence.

[By the Author of "John Halifax, Gentleman."]

PASSING BY.

"And they told him that Jesus of Nazareth passed by."

O rich man, from your happy door
Seeing the old, the sick, the poor,
Who ask for nothing, scarcely weep,
To whom even heaven means only sleep,
While you, given good things without measure,
Sometimes can hardly sleep for pleasure,
    Let not the blessed moment fly:
    Jesus of Nazareth passes by.

Is there a sinner, tired of sin,
Longing a new life to begin?
But all the gates of help are shut,
And all the words of love are mute;
Earth's best joys sere, like burnt-up grass,
And even the very heavens as brass;
    Turn not away so pitilessly:
    Jesus of Nazareth passes by.

Self-hardened man, of smooth, bland smile;
Woman, with heart like desert isle
Set in the sea of household love,
Whom nothing save "the world" can move;
At your white lie, your sneering speech,
Your backward thrust no sword can reach,
    Look, your child lifts a wondering eye:
    Jesus of Nazareth passes by.

O all ye foolish ones, who feel
A sudden doubt, like piercing steel,
When your dead hearts within you burn,
And conscience sighs, "Return, return,"
Why let ye the sweet impulse fleet,
Love's wave wash back from your tired feet,
    Knowing not Him who came so nigh,
    Jesus of Nazareth passing by?

He must not pass. Hold Him secure—
In likeness of His humble poor;
Of many a sick soul, sin-beguiled;
In innocent face of little child:
Clasp Him—quite certain it is He—
In every form of misery:
    And when thou meet'st Him up on high,
    Be sure, He will not pass thee by

HEAD AGAINST HEART.

"I will be your wife. Lucile Owen."

The words were penned in decided, emphatic tracery on a dainty bit of perfumed paper that lay on her desk in her lap. The woman sat looking at them with firm, set lips, and eyes whose lustre had burned out and left them a cold, dark gray. She had daringly taken her life into her own hands, and written her fiat. Beside the perfumed sheet lay another, containing in large, firm characters these words:

"Be my wife. Ralph Guion."

The thought of interpreting this as an entreaty was utterly precluded, since she knew the mind that gave it birth, for it was the offspring of mind essentially, and not heart. It was simply a demand; yet though this woman's nature was proud, she did not resent it, but, with a curve of her haughty lips, said, in mental soliloquy,

"It is the omnipotent *must*. Whatever may be the result, from this moment I absolve either from blame. *We* have not done this, but this outside, relentless power, term it what you may, God—fate—chance."

One word of explanation in regard to this woman. Her experience might be summed up in the phrase, loved and lost. The only child of a wealthy merchant, her life had been a sort of perpetual altar, upon which many had delighted to cast their hearts as most willing sacrifices. To be flattered and sought had been her existence; she, an unconscious egotist, appropriating all this adulation, not comprehending that "circumstances make the man."

At length, among her other suitors, came one who was brilliant and winning. To him she yielded a love that trenched on idolatry. But suddenly her life was like the quick sweep of a storm at mid-day brightness. Bankruptcy, death, and desertion crowded into one month's experience. The trusting, believing girl was metamorphosed into the cold, skeptical woman. Since then she had been learning life. Viewing it through the medium of her gray, unbelieving eyes, and learning to doubt all things—love, honor, charity, truth.

Now these same gray eyes were scanning those words with their latent command, and comparing them with the burning eloquence that had implored her love in other days.

"No questions asked. It is like an advertisement for stolen goods," said the cold lips, curling.

"It is quite as well, since he has not asked, that I should tell him nothing. He probably wishes like consideration." She took her experience as a rule, forgetting that it is the most fallible of guides.

One week later these two stood before the altar of a fashionable church, where the *élite* had gathered to see them made man and wife. The woman was clad in traveling dress, her face white and set like the portrait of one dead chiseled in marble over his tomb.

"How she has changed in two years! She used to have such brilliant color! Perhaps she used to rouge," said a charitable bewilderment of panier and ruffles and frizzles to a similar bewilderment beside her.

"Poor dear, it gave her pride such a fall to be brought to teaching! I suppose she will now be in our set again."

Then to the jubilant wedding march, seeming in itself an infinite sarcasm, these two who had been made one went down the broad aisle, and out through the Gothic entrance. The bride was gently assisted into the carriage; the quiet, courteous gentleman followed, and then they were shut from the gaping world.

In the intensity of the moment the very silence seemed to pulse and throb. The woman, in the presence of this crowded fate that she had boldly sought, and yet thrown daringly in the face of that outside power for which, in her skepticism, she could find no name, now sat drooping, cold, and apparently apathetical, saying over and over to herself, in a sort of dumb despair,

"Joy and sorrow are nothing in themselves, but simply what we conceive them. Life is at best a hallucination"—thus putting into her own words Voltaire's sneer—"neither extreme delight nor extreme torture can last a whole life. The sovereign good and the sovereign evil are nothing more than chimeras."

And what of the quiet man beside her? His face was what it always was, not immobile, nor passive, nor yet peaceful, but simply quiet; revealing nothing save what his iron will chose that it should.

Why had he sought this woman, since there had been neither thought nor word of love between them? This man worshiped intellect, and this woman's mind was of a calibre that interested and satisfied him.

He had met her by chance in the parlor of the lady to whose children she was governess, and since then had persistently sought her. Now, with his clear, astute discernment, he took in her drooping attitude, her white, hopeless face, and, for all her assumed indifference, saw that the pulse of her being was palpitating with anguish and despair terrible in intensity. His lips were set; he said coldly to himself, "I did not ask, I demanded; I did not love, I determined."

He had gained what he had sought; yet in the very act of gaining had come a sense of lack, experienced for the first time in his cold, self-contained life.

One long block after another was passed. There was no quick kiss, no gentle caress. These two, sitting side by side, but a moment before declared one, were torn as wide asunder as the antipodes.

At length they reached the pier where the steamer lay, for their winter was to be spent abroad.

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So a year passed. At first there had been the torpor of dumb endurance. The mistake of a life was to be borne in proud silence, to be hidden from the world; neither sought to hide it from the other.

"Lucile, it was the union of mind, such let it remain," he had said, in strangely still and incisive tones, when they first trod the steamer's deck. That was the one point at which they met. At each meeting, though this man's intellect was satisfied, this sense of lack became stronger, until it grew into a sort of fierce, unreasonable yearning. And yet had the question presented itself to him as to what it was he lacked, he could not have told. He had the companionship of a beautiful, intelligent woman; he had not asked her love and sympathy; he had neither thought of it nor wished it; and now, watching her in her cold independence, he doubted if she had capacity for giving either.

Each day as the year passed their intercourse grew more distant. Even their discussions on literature and art, which had at first been animated and full of a certain charm, now were marked with formality and conventionalism.

Lucile lost all her enthusiasm, and visited places, of which once the mere reading had thrown her into an ecstasy of delight, with the indifference of a satiated traveler. She sank into a hopeless torpor that nothing had power to break, while her husband retired utterly into himself.

They spent hours together in unbroken silence, he with his hand shading his eyes, an unopened book upon his lap, she gazing listlessly from the window.

Thus far they had made no friends, had lingered but a short time in any one place, driven hither and thither by a spirit of morbid restlessness. But at length the chilling reserve grew unendurable, and they sought relief from the outside world. They made the acquaintance of fellow-travelers, and often joined their parties. But such relief was only temporary. It however aroused Lucile from her lethargy, and suddenly comprehending the hideous nightmare of their existence, she broke into a sort of wild rebellion.

It was in their second winter. They had determined to spend it in Paris. There they had made many friends, and Lucile rushed into a reckless course of fashionable dissipation.

Ralph at first made no comment, but accompanied her to theatre, opera, and reception, at all times reticent to taciturnity, and never participating in the surrounding gayeties. His wife was the brilliant, beautiful belle of the American circle.

At length she ran to such worldly excess that he angrily interfered. It was when she had danced an entire evening, ending with a waltz of long, dizzy duration. He had stepped up and taken her from her partner, a brilliant Frenchman, saying, freezingly, as he led her aside,

"Lucile, you have forgotten that you are Ralph

Guion's wife." Then added, with poignant irony, and a short, angry sigh, "My wife!"

The woman flashed at him a quick look, half questioning, half defiant, for there was a strange expression on his cold face. The light blue eyes had burned themselves black. Jealousy had proved the open sesame to his proud, self-contained heart. With the power of a revelation came the fact, acknowledged as soon as presented, that for the first time in his cold, intellectual life he loved. And this woman, looking at him in a sort of bewilderment, experienced a sudden pain in her heart. At first she called it a cry; afterward, in her skepticism, sneeringly termed it a sensation.

After that this man was utterly changed. Each day he drank deeper of this draught of love, which should have proved the elixir of his life, but was instead a cup of poison imbittering all the current of his being. Each day he grew outwardly colder, while the blood coursed like fire through his veins. The fierce struggle to conquer this love and crush this jealousy that had assailed and overthrown his powers of resistance rendered him strange and moody.

That first rebuke proved but the antecedent to countless others. His powerful will held her as in a vise. He was always in her presence, watching her every act and word. She broke into open rebellion. Dear friends interfered, condoling with her, and inciting her to defiance against such tyranny, and by subtle insinuations to each about the other, driving them further asunder.

All the consonance of their life was lost; it became a jarring, discordant strain. They were rushing to the very brink of ruin. Yet about her all this time were his thousand little kindnesses, making her life perfect in luxury.

One day, after one of her desperate outbursts, he said, in his cold, incisive tone, "Lucile, life has become hateful."

The blood rushed back upon her heart as she replied, "Divorce can dissever even mind from mind."

Her tone was strange even to her own ears. She said afterward to herself, in great despair, that it was not she, but that outside relentless power speaking through her.

He started, reeling where he stood, his low, quiet voice shaken, broken:

"Divorce, Lucile!" and instantly left her.

She started as if to follow him, in a sort of wild terror, but when she opened the door he was not in sight; the hotel hall was silent and empty. She closed it, and was alone.

She had been alone before, but had never so fully comprehended loneliness as at that moment. She had lost all, had thrown away with ruthless hand the possibilities of her life; and with this knowledge came a realization of how great those possibilities had been. This man that she had defied, that she had openly called a tyrant, what had he not done for her? Her old life of drudgery and neglect arose before her in bitter reproach. He had taken her from it, and given her luxury. She had felt his watchful care every hour of every day. Never had he neglected her, never slighted. She had been wholly to blame; she had done nothing for him; had not even shown respect for his wishes, but had wickedly gone in direct opposition to them. Now that she had utterly lost him, she comprehended all that he had been to her. She had learned to depend upon his presence, had grown accustomed to his courtly manner and quiet voice, and now, with a terrible heart-sickness, knew that even when giving her most wrapped attention to others she had been as conscious of that manner and that voice as if he had been the only one in the world. Then how proud she had been of his fine comprehensive mind! In asking her to be his wife he had honored her. How had she compensated him? She had imbittered his nature. She remembered with terrible remorse how even his expression had changed. *Then* it had been restful, *now* his face was full of tense lines, and the proud lips had settled into a sort of cold sneer.

The afternoon wore on. At length there was a knock at her door. She opened it. One of her *dear* friends had come to ask permission to go to dinner with herself and Mr. Guion: "her husband had gone out, and not returned." So had Lucile's husband gone out. She did not say so, though. Her pale face was sufficient proof of the headache which formed her excuse. She was again alone.

The long evening passed, and the night. She spent it in their parlor, waiting to let him in if he should come, for he was obliged to pass through it in order to enter his apartment. As the hours passed, she was seized with a wild terror. Perhaps he would never come. She had made his life hateful; perhaps he had taken her at her word, and left her forever. And into her heart came a craving to hear his voice, to see his face, if but once again.

The night passed, and the next day, and then another night and another day, still he did not come; and in this time this craving grew stronger and stronger, until this woman said to herself, in terrible conviction, "I love him!"

Yet we have said before that she had loved. Loved twice! The thought is a sneer. Can the immortal passion be twice evoked in one heart? The question involves a paradox. Immortality, yet twice existing! One may argue that, phenix-like, it sprang from the dead ashes of the other. We hold *one* love, many semblances—one immortal flame, thousands of *blue tapers*. The first was gratified vanity, fascination, a something given because sought; this, not sought, but yielded. She was no longer the imperious, angry woman, but utterly saddened and hopeless.

She had not left her rooms; had taken her meals there. Thus the evening of the third day he found her in their parlor. Her waiter had told him she had been ill, so he was prepared for her white face. As he looked at her the blood rushed to her brow, her very lips quivered with gladness that he had come. He went almost directly to his own room. She buried her face in her hands. He must not find her out. To him it was "mind and mind." She trembled at the thought of his infinite scorn. He had asked her intellect, not her love.

The next day he told her they were going home; utterly ignored those terrible words of hers: "Divorce can dissever even mind from mind." Did not ask her if she wished to go; simply asserted the fact. Lucile, full of terror at being alone again with this man whom she loved, objected, saying, timidly, that she could remain a few months longer with their friends if he wished to go.

His face was what Ruskin terms "white hot" as she said it. He gave it no other palpable heed, but said, in a low, quiet tone,

"Lucile, the steamer sails one week from to-day."

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Thus they had taken passage, and were separated from the dear friends who in their love of gossip had served to widen the breach.

It was their first day out. With the consideration that had all this time surrounded her, he had kept her on deck to avoid seasickness. All day long she had shrunk into herself, chilled in his quiet presence, and taking stealthy glances at his cold, immobile face. At length it was evening. The March air was raw and chill. She, wrapped in furs, did not feel it; he, for all his heavy coat, was cold. She saw it, although he ignored the fact, setting his lips in their firm way that showed he would not brook the mastery of any suffering, whether mental, moral, or physical. With every perceptive faculty intensified by this new love, instantly she discovered this. She clasped and unclasped her hands in the nervous way that had become her habit, then said, with a morbid horror of breaking the long-continued silence,

"We had better go below."

"If you can content yourself, you are better off here;" and he drew his hat lower and folded his arms.

If she could content herself! Always that cynical tone. The angry blood rushed to her cheeks. She began, impetuously,

"You know it is not that, but—" Then stopped abruptly.

"But what?" coldly.

The anxious thought was put into indifferent conventional words:

"I thought the cold was inconveniencing you."

There was a skeptical curve to his lips.

"Thank you for your consideration," he said, with cutting sarcasm. She bit her lips; her eyes were full of tears. He, looking past her and beyond her, did not see them.

The night was dark; the clouds hung low; the sea was heavy; a mighty waste of black, turbulent waters. Occasionally the moon burst through a rift in the clouds, serving only to intensify the terrible gloom that followed. At each of these times she searched his face, with growing terror at its paleness. The frightened anxiety at length became unendurable. There was a moment's incertitude; then drawing off her fur cape, she arose and threw it over his shoulders.

It was once when the moon had burst out, and flooded sea and ship with its ambient light. The man started; the blood surged to his very brow; he bent on her a look of keen, fierce questioning. Utterly confused, she returned to her seat, turned her face from his sight, and looked seaward.

The dash of color in his cheeks, the strange light in his cold, quiet eyes, startled, puzzled, and bewildered her. A new, wild hope sprang up. There had been something in his look that made her say to herself that perhaps he could love. She had never tried to make him. That look was not the progeny of his clear, dispassioned mind.

And the man! This stifled love burst into a thing fierce and uncontrollable under this first little thoughtful act that she had ever bestowed on him. The strong man trembled beneath it.

"Lucile, we will go below, as you wish."

She arose instantly. He took off the cape and buttoned it under her chin, in his usual kind way, then gave her his arm and led her down to the cabin. Once there, she went immediately to her state-room.

All night she was very sick. He sat late outside her door, growing white and desperate in knowing she was alone and ill. At length he went to his room, throwing himself down in sheer exhaustion from the wear and tear on nerve and brain. At day-dawn he was again a silent sentinel.

She came into the cabin early, starting on finding him there. He was the sole occupant of the cabin. She looked pale and faint.

"You want to go on deck: get on your wrappings," he said.

"No, I think I shall not be sick again, and it is cold" (with a shiver). He led her to an easy-chair, then taking one at a short distance, drew a paper from his pocket, and seemed reading. She was watching him. He was very pale, and there were tense lines about his lips.

Again with the anxiety that had ruled her the night before, she arose, and going over, stood beside him. He gave no evidence of being conscious of her presence. She laid her hand timidly upon his shoulder. Again that dash of color in his cheeks. His confusion made her quite self-possessed.

"You have been sick," she said, her voice almost quite steady.

"No" (simply a monosyllable, and forcing down the color).

The hand upon his shoulder trembled, yet she persisted, the thought of the night before becoming a resolve.

"He can love. I shall make him."

Her voice was a little uncertain.

"You look very tired. Won't you lie on the lounge? there is no one here." Then she grew confused and embarrassed at the little fact she had asserted.

No one here! That was what had filled her with dread of this voyage: now she had said it as if glad. The man was forced to silence in his fierce struggle for control. He obeyed, following her to the lounge. She shook up the cushions. He threw himself down and closed his eyes wearily. She went to her state-room, and bringing a shawl, covered him. There was something half of bashfulness, half of tenderness, in the way she did it. He thanked her without opening his eyes. A moment's hesitation, then she wheeled a chair quite beside him, and sat down.

At that a faint flush again swept his face. She had taken his paper, and feigned reading. In a little while, with a strange new sense of rest, he slept. Then the paper was cast aside, and this woman studied the face of this man, who in worldly parlance had been her husband over a year.

That terrible time! It had added ten years to his age. His brown hair had grown gray-sprinkled; the quiet face had many new lines, as if some conflict was constantly waged to sustain the quiet. Suddenly a thought became a conviction. The craving of mind for mind had not satisfied. What was this other demand so palpable now, when the iron will was not keeping guard? She bent a trifle forward, with intense, sorrowful craving. He looked very ill: had he fever? She laid her hand lightly on his forehead. Instantly he opened his eyes. She drew it quickly away in utter confusion.

"I thought you had fever. Pardon me for rousing you."

"My head aches. Your hand is very cool," he said, quietly, and closed his eyes again. With bashfulness pitiful in the wife of a year she placed her hand tremblingly on his forehead. At the touch he drew a long, deep breath. She did not comprehend its significance. Afterward she thought him sleeping.

A little later two young girls came into the cabin. She did not move lest she should again disturb him, but taking the paper in her disengaged hand, tried to read.

The two girls were talking in an under-tone. She distinctly heard every syllable.

"What devotion!" said one, laughingly.

"They are doubtless still in the blissful honey-moon," said the other. Then for the first time she knew he was not sleeping. There was that new dash of color in his cheeks. This time the glad start in her heart was a revelation. He already loved her.

After that for several days she tried him in fifty ways. Sometimes, when standing together on deck, she would put her hand voluntarily within his arm. At such times he would turn on her a look of keen, deep questioning, but she would not meet it. Once or twice, when he had been sitting on a sofa reading, she had sat beside him, and read from the same book. Then there had been strange, bright, half-convinced lights in his blue eyes.

At length, when they had been several days out, one evening the two were upon the upper deck. Though it was moonlight, they were quite alone, the coldness of the night having driven others below. The sea was smooth, consequently Lucile, being in earnest conversation, was unprepared for a sudden roll, that threw her forward. Ralph had seen her coming, and caught her. Though the wife of a year, for the first time she was in her husband's arms. For an instant his love held sway, breaking down all his strong control. He drew her to him almost fiercely, then released her. In that moment the soul of this man and this woman met, and each was utterly self-possessed.

"Lucile, there must be another giving than that of the sea."

There was a moment's silence.

"Lucile, I am waiting." The words were more winning than willful. There was one timid step, and she was in his arms.

The next day they were again upon deck. Lucile's face for the first time clouded.

"What is it, dear heart?" The quiet voice was quite bereft of coldness.

"Ralph, with iconoclastic daring I have denied the existence of a God, because my little intellect could not comprehend him. Love has taught us that mind is not sufficient. This teaches of that higher love. Let us seek it together, my husband."

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

One day, in attending to applications for situations in the police force, one of the commissioners, it was supposed, was about to invest Patrick Murphy with a shield, when some of his Irish competitors outside the railings cried out, "Are ye goin' to 'p'int Pat, yer honor? He can't write his name, yer honor." "I am only receiving applications to-day; in a fortnight we make appointments," said the commissioner. And Pat was told to call on that day two weeks. The friend through whose influence Pat had been induced to apply for the office said to him, as they came away from the hall, "Now, Pat, go home; and every night do you get a big piece of paper and a good stout pen, and keep writing your name. I'll set the copy for you." Pat did as directed, and every night for a fortnight was seen moving out his tongue and swaying his head over "Patrick Murphy," "Patrick Murphy," in the style of chirography generally known as "coarse hand." When the day for the appointment came, Pat found himself before the commissioner, urging his claim. "Can you write?" said that excellent functionary. "Troth an' it's meself that jist kin," answered Pat. "Take that pen," said the commissioner, "and let us see you write. Write your name." He took the pen as directed, when a sort of exclamatory laugh burst from his surprised competitors, who were in attendance. "Howly Paul! d'ye mind that, Mike? Pat's a-writin'; he's got a quill in his fist." "So he has, be jabers!" said Mike, "but small good it will do him; he can't write wid it, man." But Pat did write; he had recorded his name in a bold round hand. "That 'll do," said the commissioner. His foiled rivals looked in each other's faces with undisguised astonishment. A lucky thought struck them. "Ask him to write somebody else's name, yer honor," said two of them in a breath. "That's well thought of," replied the commissioner. "Pat, write my name." Here was a dilemma, but Pat was equal to it. "Me write yer honor's name!" exclaimed he, with a well-dissembled holy horror—"me commit forgery, and I a-goin' on the pelisse! I can't do it, yer honor."

Why are the fond glances a mother casts upon her baby like Turkish cavalry?—Because they are mammy-looks (Mamelukes).

He blushed a fiery red; her heart went pit-a-pat; she gently hung her head, and looked down at the mat. He trembled in his speech; he rose from where he sat, and shouted with a screech, "You're sitting on my hat!"

A little man observed that he had two negative qualities: he never lay long in bed, and he never wanted a great coat.

There is a new version of an ancient rhyme which strikes us as being a great improvement on its predecessor. It runs:

"It is good to be merry and wise;
It is good to be honest and true;
And before you are off with the old love,
It is best to be on with the new."

New Definition.—A pun arising out of the controversy between Monsignor Capel and Canon Liddon is now current in London, viz., "What is ritualism?" Answer: "Popery with the lid on" (Liddon).

Notorious as a reader of his sermons, a reverend gentleman, in bantering a mason, one of his parishioners, on the superior stability of ancient compared with modern buildings, put the question, "Can you tell me when the masons lost the art of tempering their mortar?" "I've heard," said the man, with a sly leer, "that it was about the time that ministers lost the gift of extempore preaching."

An Affair of the Heart—The circulation of the blood.

A shoe-maker was arrested for bigamy and brought before the magistrate. "Which wife," asked a by-stander, "will he be obliged to take?" Smith, always ready at a joke, replied, "He is a cobbler, and of course must stick to his last."

If it seams good, a sewing-machine may be likened unto a kiss.

A Nevada woman recently knocked down seven burglars one after another. Her husband watched her from the top of the stairs, and felt so brimful of battle that he couldn't cool off until he had jerked his eight-year-old boy out of bed and "whaled" him soundly for not getting up and helping his mother.

A good many people were recently deluded into going into an apothecary's shop in a village to see a red bat, which had been captured, and was on exhibition. They saw it, and it was red, as a brickbat usually is.

Ministers' Men.—Peter Drummond, beadle and minister's man at St. Monace, Fifeshire, was one of the most amusing and eccentric of his class. The minister, Mr. Gillies, had reproved Peter for giving a short day's work, as he "left off at sunset," while his neighbors were known to thresh their grain by candle-light. "Weel, Sir," said Peter, "gin ye want the corn flailed by cannil-licht, I'll dae yer wull." Next day at noon Mr. Gillies was passing the barn, and hearing the sound of Peter's flail, he stepped in. A candle was burning on the top of a grain measure. "Why this folly and waste?" asked Mr. Gillies, pointing to the candle. "Dinna ye mind, Sir," said Peter, "that ye wanted the corn threshed wi' cannil-licht?" The minister replied, angrily, "Peter, you shall have no more candles." Some days after, Mr. Gillies was to set off on horseback to visit a sick parishioner. He requested Peter to saddle the horse. It was evening, and Peter, after remaining some time in the stable, led out the cow, saddled and bridled. "I wish I haena made a mistake, Sir," said Peter; "but since I've got nae cannil, it's no muckle wonder that I hae pit the saddle on the wrang beast." Fairly overcome by Peter's drollery, Mr. Gillies gave him back his candles. The minister's man at Lintrathen seldom indulges in the complimentary vein. On one occasion, however, he handsomely acknowledged a compliment by returning another. The minister had got married, and was presented with a carriage, for which John was appointed to provide a horse. Driving out with his wife, the minister said to John when starting, "You've got us a capital horse." "Weel, Sir," said John, "it's just aboot as difficult to choose a gude minister's wife, and we've been gey an' lucky wi' baith."

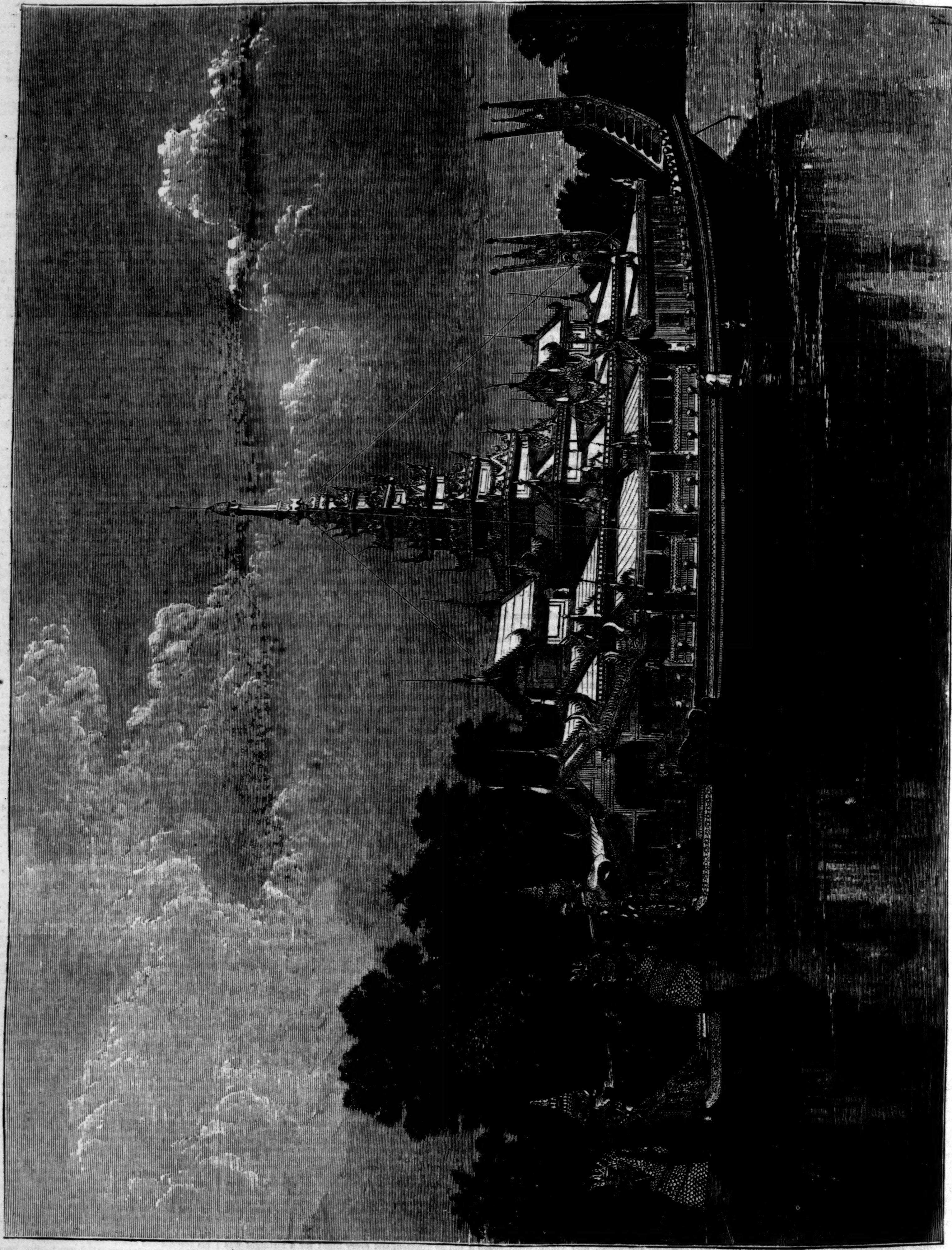
GOING TO THE DENTIST.

I like to come across a man with the toothache. There's something so pleasant about advising him to stuff cotton in it, to use camphor, creosote, peppermint, and "relief," that I always feel better after giving it. I have been there—had an aching snag, and I know just how it feels. It used to wake me up at night, and make me mad at noon, and set me to swearing early in the morning. I didn't meet man or woman but what they advised me. One said that a hot knitting-needle pushed down on the root was excellent, another said that opium was an excellent thing, and others said that it must be dug out by the dentist. If I sat down to dinner, that old tooth began to growl. If I went to bed, or got up, or went to a party, or staid at home, it growled just the same. It wasn't always a growl. Sometimes it was a jump that made my hair stand up, and again a sort of cutting pain that made me make up faces at the baby, and slam doors, and break windows. I ate cotton, peppermint, camphor, and opium until I got black in the face, and that old snag kept right on. I put bags of hot ashes to my cheek, applied mustard, held my head in the oven, took a sweat, and the ache still ached. After the third week neighbors didn't dare to let their boys pass my house, and hawkers and book-canvassers went round another street. I was becoming a menagerie, and at last I decided to have my tooth out. I decided to, and then I decided not to. I changed my mind four times in one afternoon, and at last I went. The dentist was glad to see me. He said that if he could not take that tooth out without hurting me he would give me a million. It got easier as he talked, and I concluded not to have it pulled. I started down stairs, but a jump caught me, and I rushed back. He said he would look at it; perhaps it did not need pulling at all, but he could kill the nerve. By dint of flattery he got me in the chair. Then he softly inserted a knife and cut away the gums. I looked up, and said I would kill him; but he begged me not to—said the cutting was all the pain there was in it. He finally got me to lie back and open my mouth, and then he slipped in his forceps and closed them round the tooth. "Oh-sordorordonbordosoforsor!" I cried. But he didn't pay any attention to it. He drew in a full breath, grasped the forceps tightly, and then he pulled. Great spoons! but didn't it seem as if my head was going! I tried to shout, grappled at him, kicked, and then he held up the old snag and said, "There! I guess you won't feel any more aching." I leaped down and hugged him. I promised him ten millions; I told him to make my home his house forever; I hugged him again. I shook hands with every body in the street, kissed my wife, bought the baby a dozen rattle-boxes in a heap, and it seemed to me as if the world was too small for me, I was so happy.

AN ORIENTAL STATE BARGE.

Mr. Frank Vincent, in his interesting book of travels, *The Land of the White Elephant*, gives the following description of the state barge of the King of Burmah, of which we give an illustration on this page: "This splendid vessel is built on two large canoes, and is covered with the richest carving and gilding. When in use it is drawn by war boats. In the centre is a lofty tower, with eight or nine square stories or terraces of black and gold, surmounted by the *tae* or umbrella. The prows of the two canoes on which this water palace is constructed consist each of a silver dragon; and behind each dragon is the fierce colossal figure of a warrior-deity called by the Burmese a Nat, but which is evidently identical with one of the Devatas of Hindoo mythology, of whom Indra is the special type. The sterns of the canoes are beautifully adorned with a fretted work consisting of small pieces of looking-glass, which has a very rich appearance."

There is also a barge for the exclusive use of the queens. It is of beautiful workmanship, with decks and apartments, and, like the king's barge, is towed by war boats. These barges form a part of the king's "navy." The war boats are very long, with high prow and stern, handsomely gilded on the outside, and painted red within. They are paddled along by crews numbering from forty to sixty men.



THE STATE BARGE OF THE KING OF BURMAH.

ORIENTAL GOSSIP.

A Royal Poet.—Washington Irving a Sectarian Agitator.

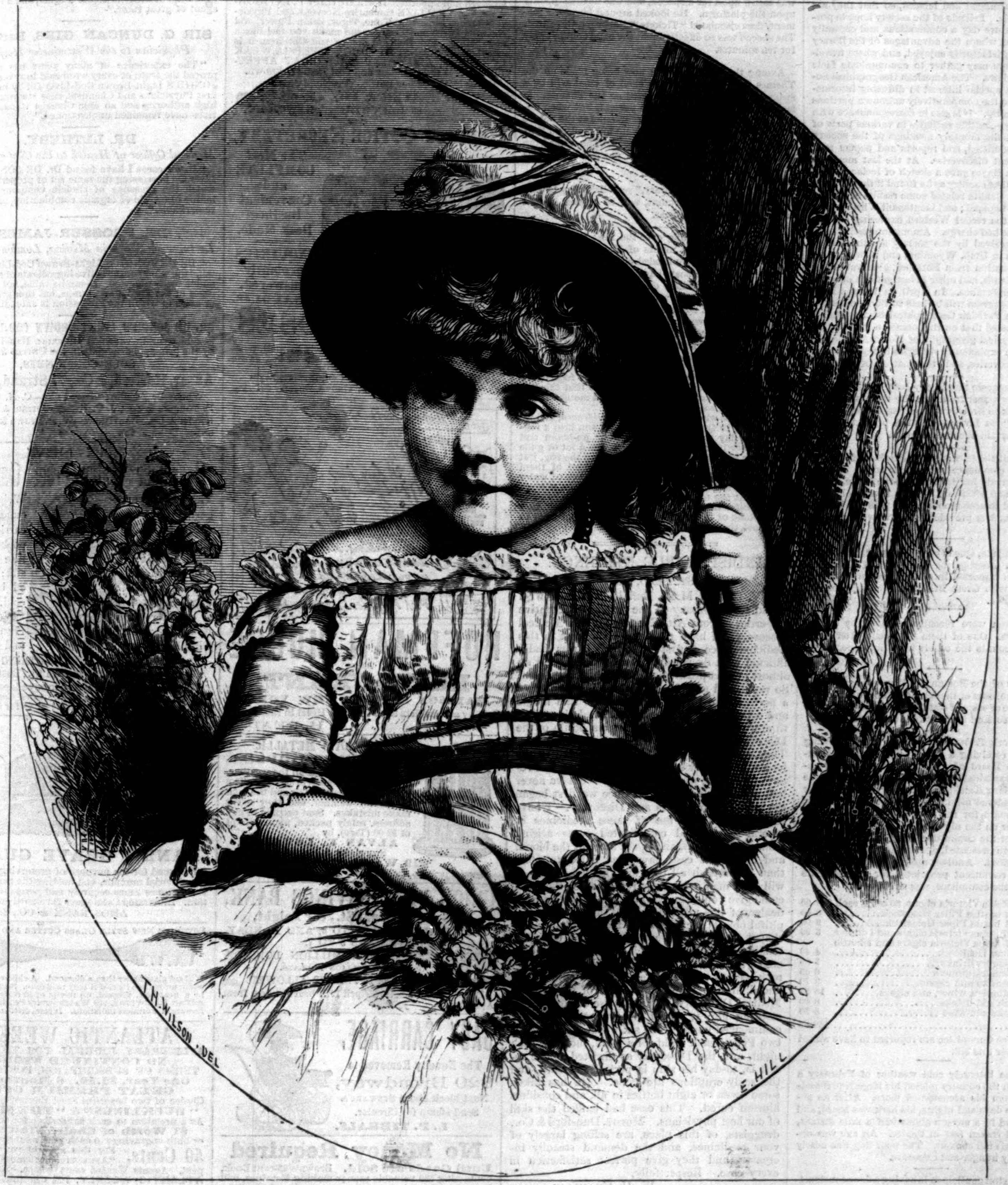
M. Garcia de Tassy, a member of the Institute of France, and Professor of "Living Oriental Languages" in Paris, is in the habit of opening his annual course of instruction with a review of Hindoo literature for the preceding year. In his review for 1874, which has just reached us, he gives an interesting account of a royal or ex-royal Indian poet, whose literary merits, we venture to assume, are practically unknown in this hemisphere. It is the ex-King of Oude, Wahji Ali, whom M. De Tassy pronounces the most distinguished among contemporary Indian poets. He occupies, we might say he reigns over, a vast domain on the banks of the Hoogly, about three miles from Calcutta, where, with an annual allowance from the British government of £200,000 (say, $1,000,000), he has dwelt for nearly twenty years, occupying himself, as when he sat upon the throne of his ancestors, with poetry, music, and painting. Many of his songs are popular, and are sung daily by the bayaderes in Calcutta, Benares, and in other cities of India. They are known as "The Songs of his Majesty." His spacious and altogether royal residence is, as it were, a little kingdom, wherein he is absolute. He has 6000 subjects who recognize his authority, and a court regulated precisely as when he was in his capital. He never leaves his own estate; he makes no visits, not even to the English viceroy, whose visits, however, he receives. He has on his vast estate three palaces. His harem contains two queens and one hundred and thirty-one other ladies. His menagerie, one of the most complete in the world, contains 25,000 varieties of animals. The collection of pigeons presents every imaginable shade of color, while that of serpents and reptiles is called "complete." The gardens are magnificent, and are looked after by three hundred gardeners. According to this report of Wahji Ali's worldly condition, it is a long call from Grub Street to Calcutta.

M. De Tassy in the course of his review gives some facts which are rather discouraging to missionary enterprise in India. "We note," he says, "with sorrow some of the converted Mussulmans returning to their first error. My readers will recollect the thrilling account which I gave in my discourse in 1867 of the conversion of L'Imad-uddin, a very distinguished Mussulman, who, having become a priest of the Anglican Church, continues to write and preach in favor of Christianity. It has not been the same with his brother Khaïr-uddin, who, after remaining seven years not only a Christian but a missionary, has returned into the bosom of Islamism, 'very repentant for his infidelity to the religion of his fathers through his ignorance.' He has written a work to explain that during the time he remained Christian he had thoroughly studied the question, and had reached the conviction that Islamism was founded on more solid proofs than the religion of the Pentateuch and the Evangelists.

"It is a deplorable fact, too," continues M. De Tassy, "that there are still occasional perversions from the European ranks. This year we have that of a Mr. Johnson in the Punjab; of two Europeans employed on the Sinde Railway; of an English family of four persons converted by a sermon of the Maulawi Ali-Bakhsch; and, finally, a Madam Bushey, who proclaimed her adhesion to the Mussulman faith, and afterward married a pathan named Mir Ahmad Khan."

The Mussulmans, it appears, according to M. De Tassy, do not like to have their faith nor the mission of their Prophet questioned, especially by Asiatics. They are more tolerant of the skepticism of Europeans. This sensitiveness on their part leads sometimes to deplorable results. One would suppose that our distinguished countryman Washington Irving, above all a man of peace, was the last person in the world to disturb the harmony of any society, and least of all that of India; and yet M. De Tassy tells us that he has recently been the innocent cause of deplorable riots at Bombay. At one of their festivals, which the Schiltes celebrate by processions in the streets, a misunderstanding occurred between the Parsees, or Guebers, and the Mussulmans. The cause was a Parsee translation of Irving's *Life of Mohammed*, some passages of which greatly displeased the Mussulmans. To calm them, the author of the translation consented to arrest the sale of it, and to do his best to withdraw from circulation the copies already sold; but it was in vain; the fanatics would hear nothing, and reply nothing to his defense. They cried, "Din! din!" (that is, "the religion! the religion!"). On the Friday following, before morning prayer, a band of the fanatics surprised the police, fell upon, with sticks or stones, all the Parsees they could find, and followed them even into their houses, which they sacked. Two Parsee temples were also sacked, and the sacred fire in them was extinguished. In spite of all the efforts of the police, the troubles lasted three entire days, and many lives were lost on both sides.

Mr. Irving little dreamed, when he was penning that charming little memoir of the Arab Prophet, that it was destined to bring upon him the reproach of far more people than ever read his books of being an agitator, a disturber of the public peace, a violator of temples, and an instigator to bloodshed and riot.



SPRING FLOWERS.

CHORUS OF FLOWERS.

WE are the sweet Flowers,
Born of sunny showers;
Think, whene'er you see us, what our beauty saith:
Utterance mute and bright
Of some unknown delight,
We fill the air with pleasure by our simple breath.
All who see us love us;
We befit our places;
Unto sorrow we give smiles, and unto graces, graces.

Mark our ways, how noiseless
All, and sweetly voiceless,
Though the March winds pipe to make our passage clear;
Not a whisper tells
Where our small seed dwells,
Nor is known the moment green when our tips appear.
We thread the earth in silence,
In silence build our bowers,
And leaf by leaf in silence show, till we laugh atop, sweet Flowers!

Think of all these treasures,
Matchless works and pleasures,
Every one a marvel, more than thought can say;
Then think in what bright showers
We thicken fields and bowers,
And with what heaps of sweetness half stifle wanton May:
Think of the mossy forests,
By the bee-birds haunted,
And all those Amazonian plains, lone lying as enchanted.

Who shall say that Flowers
Dress not heaven's own bowers?
Who its love, without them, can fancy, or sweet floor?
Who shall ever dare
To say we sprang not there,
And came not down that Love might bring one piece of heaven the more?
Oh, pray believe that angels
From those blue dominions
Brought us in their white laps down, 'twixt their golden pinions!

—*From* LEIGH HUNT'S *Songs and Chorus of Flowers.*

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

Every year shows that there is a rapidly increasing interest among our people in the results of geographical research and discovery; and all measures taken for obtaining and disseminating information concerning the physical aspects of different countries are of great value to the whole community. Such an institution as the American Geographical Society, located in New York city, possesses not merely a literary reputation, but is of national importance. This society has been in existence twenty years, and now has a membership of more than 1400 persons, a library of over 10,000 volumes, and a valuable collection of maps and charts relating to various parts of the world. The president of the society, Chief Justice Charles P. Daly, and its other officers have spared no pains to make the library as complete as possible in the particular branch of knowledge to which it is devoted. In the library-room at the Cooper Institute the maps and charts are systematically arranged and labeled, so that they are readily accessible. Friends of the society hope to possess at some future day a commodious and centrally located building, where the advantages of the library may be more satisfactorily enjoyed, and where travelers and explorers may gather to communicate facts and exchange views. The American Geographical Society has taken special interest in diffusing information in regard to the comparatively unknown portions of our own country. It is also in correspondence with more than forty scientific societies in various parts of the world. At the monthly meetings of the society members are admitted, and reports and papers read relative to recent discoveries. At the last meetings held in 1874 Dr. Hayes gave a sketch of Iceland's Millennial, and of that country as he found it the previous August; M. Du Chaillu related some results of his late explorations in Lapland; and Lieutenant Wheeler gave an account of the recent Western exploring expedition of which he had charge. Among interesting matters recently received by the society are the results of explorations in Utah, Wyoming, and New Mexico, scientific information from Formosa, observations in the Aleutian Islands, and other investigations of equal interest and importance. In April an International Geographical Congress will be held in Paris under the auspices of the Parisian Geographical Society, and it has been suggested that on this occasion maps representing the physical geography of North America be presented, with explanatory statistics in regard to explorations, discoveries, and other matters of interest.

Somebody suggests that if any body wants to send a transient newspaper from one city to another—say, from New York to Brooklyn—the cheapest way would be to send it "*via* Liverpool." The present postage laws almost warrant such a statement.

Early in April the new steamer *Scythia*, of the Cunard line, will commence her regular trips. Already the vessel has made her trial trip on the Clyde, where she was built, and afterward went to Liverpool. The *Scythia* is fitted to accommodate 1500 persons, including the crew, and is provided with twelve large life-boats.

Ranovalomanjaka, Queen of Madagascar, has issued a proclamation ordering the liberation of all slaves that have been imported into her kingdom since the treaty of 1865 with Great Britain for the suppression of the slave traffic.

Three children were recently poisoned by eating painted candles. One of them died soon afterward, and at last accounts the others were not expected to recover.

The trustees of the Boston Art Museum have voted to apply the proceeds of the sale of Sumner's art legacy to the purchase of casts of statues and bass-reliefs. The amount to be so used is about four thousand dollars.

The New York *Tribune* gives some items showing the "cost of receiving a king." The Finance Committee of the Board of Aldermen were recently engaged in the examination of the bills rendered for the reception of King Kalakaua. The bill of the Windsor Hotel was rendered originally, without the details, at $6286 91, as board for the king and suit, thirteen in all, the supper on the night of the reception, and refreshments for the committee and guests. Two carriage bills were presented, one amounting to $80, and the other to $2844. Another unique bill, presented by a Broadway restaurant proprietor for refreshments furnished to the committee, was as follows:

Dec. 23—	To Reina Victoria cigars, 50 cents each	$10 00
	To 2 bottles Piper Heidsieck	6 00
Dec. 24—	To 1 bottle Piper Heidsieck	3 00
	To 17 Reina Victoria cigars and 1 dinner	3 90
	To 7 Reina Victoria cigars and 1 bottle Piper Heidsieck	4 40
	To sundry drinks	1 55
Dec. 26—	To sundry dinners	6 05
	To drinks and cigars	3 70
	To dinners, wines, and cigars	15 55
Dec. 29—	Wine and drinks	8 00
Dec. 30—	Drinks and wine	6 50
	Total	$68 65

The Finance Committee are reported to have waxed indignant over this bill.

During the intensely cold weather of February a gentleman in the country missed his large Newfoundland dog from his accustomed place. After an absence of two days and nights, his bark was heard, and he was found in a swamp about half a mile distant, with his tail frozen fast in the ice. An axe was obtained and his tail cut out. The poor dog was nearly exhausted by hunger and exposure.

A Washington gentleman is having a floor constructed of different-colored woods dovetailed together so as to represent the California coat of arms. The strips are so arranged that the colors will blend as in a painting. The wood is obtained from Pacific coast timber trees, and the work is done in San Francisco. It will be forwarded to Washington in sections.

An exchange gives in a few sentences the way in which the great ice gorge or glacier at Port Jervis was formed. It appears that the blasting operations which were performed to lessen the icy obstructions disclosed the method of formation. The key-stone of the gorge was formed on "Sim's Rift," half a mile below the suspension-bridge, by several immense cakes of ice becoming clogged in the middle of the Delaware River. The lower edge of the first of these ice-fields becoming fast, the two or three that followed were thrust underneath it, raising the whole in the shape of a sloping dam. Other blocks of ice were then driven by the water against the back of this dam, where they became fixed in a perpendicular position, with their broad surfaces presented squarely against the current. This immense dam—600 feet long, 150 feet broad, and over thirty feet in height—divided the current of the river, forcing it around on either side, and causing the floating ice to clog in the shallower water. Then the ice above became jammed together, backing up for four miles, until it resulted in one of the most wonderful ice formations ever seen in an American river.

There seems to be at present a good supply of Croton water, but the quality of it does not please the fastidious. There is a look about it that makes people prefer other beverages. Chemists may declare that analysis detects nothing unhealthy in it, but water so easily and so subtilely carries in it the seeds of disease that there is urgent need of adequate arrangements for securing the absolute purity of what is used in our great city.

A conductor in Burlington, Iowa, was honored by the bestowal of a badge at a public fair. Of course he was called upon for a speech, and was hustled quickly upon the platform. He looked around him for a moment, then ejaculated "Tickets!" and promptly retired. The speech was so effective that the band couldn't play for ten minutes.

Among the improvements now being made on the Thames Embankment is the shell of what will be a swimming bath—the first erected on the Thames. It is not very ornamental just at present, but when finished the structure will be as ornamental as the nature of it admits. The bath will be one hundred and thirty-five feet long by twenty-five broad. The water from the river will be well filtered and purified before it is admitted to the bath.

The "Fletcher Free Library," established by two ladies of Burlington, Vermont, will be opened in that city during the present year.

Heavy fogs have hung over the East River during some of the days and nights of March. Passengers on the ferry-boats have needed patience, and ofttimes courage also, as the boats have slowly plowed through fog and water. Dwellers on Brooklyn Heights have wearied of the ceaseless "ding-ding-ding" of the warning fog-bells that sounded day and night. Apropos of fogs, the following tale told by a jolly tar to his comrade when their vessel was befogged will make us content with New York fogs:

"I say, Bob, did you ever see such a fog as this 'ere afore?"

"Ay, ay, mate, I have that. I've seen fogs down along the Sable Banks and about Canso that this 'ere stuff wouldn't be more than a bit of mist alongside of."

"How thick was it, Bob?"

"Well, once when I was in the old *Rifleman*, and we wore going to Quebec after deals, we run into a fog-bank one day that carried away our jib-boom and stove in our port bulwarks. There was a lot of gulls and other big birds stuck fast all among the fog, jest like sheep in a big snow-drift; not a bird of them could move a wing. We'd been on allowance of water two weeks, and the carpenter sawed chunks enough out of that fog to fill every cask in the ship. It was tip-top water that fog made. But it didn't melt very fast. Some of it wasn't melted when we got back to Liverpool, three months afterward."

INDISPUTABLE EVIDENCE.

St. Elmo, Ill., July 8, 1874.

R. V. Pierce, M.D., Buffalo, N.Y.:—I wish to add my testimony to the wonderful curative properties of your Alt. Ext., or Golden Medical Discovery. I have taken great interest in this medicine since I first used it. I was badly afflicted with dyspepsia, liver deranged, and an almost perfect prostration of the nervous system. So rapid and complete did the Discovery effect a perfect cure that it seemed more like magic and a perfect wonder to myself, and since that time we have never been without a bottle of the Discovery and Purgative Pellets in the house. They are a solid, sound family physician in the house, and ready at all times to fly to the relief of sickness, without charge. We have never had a doctor in the house since we first began the use of your Pellets and Discovery. I have recommended the use of these medicines in several severe and complicated cases arising from, as I thought, an impure state of the blood, and in no one case have they failed to more than accomplish all they are claimed to do. I will only mention one as remarkable (though I could give you dozens): Henry Koster, furniture dealer, of this place, who was one of the most pitiful objects ever seen, his face swollen out of shape, scales and eruptions without end, extending to his body, which was completely covered with blotches and scales. Nothing that he took seemed to effect it a particle. I finally induced him to try a few bottles of the Golden Medical Discovery, with daily use of the Pellets, assuring him it would surely cure him. He commenced its use some six weeks since, taking two Pellets each night for a week, then one each night, and the Discovery as directed. The result is, to-day his skin is perfectly smooth, and the scaly eruptions are gone. He has taken some seven or eight bottles in all, and considers himself cured. This case had baffled the skill of our best physicians. Messrs. Dunsford & Co., druggists, of this place, are selling largely of your medicines, and the demand steadily increases, and they give perfect satisfaction in every case. Respectfully,

W. H. Champlin,
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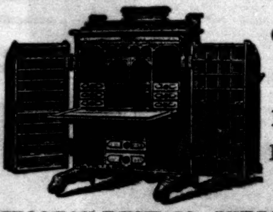

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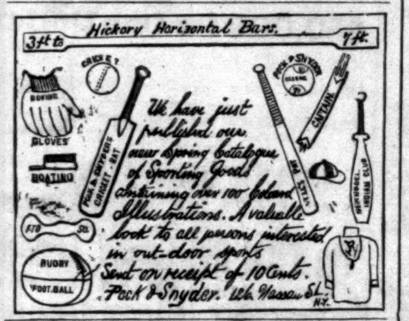

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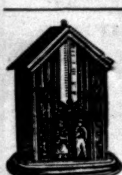

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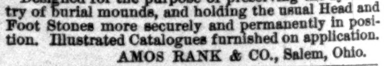

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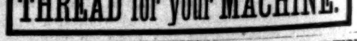

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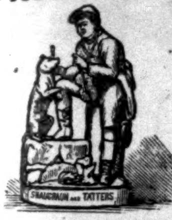

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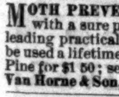

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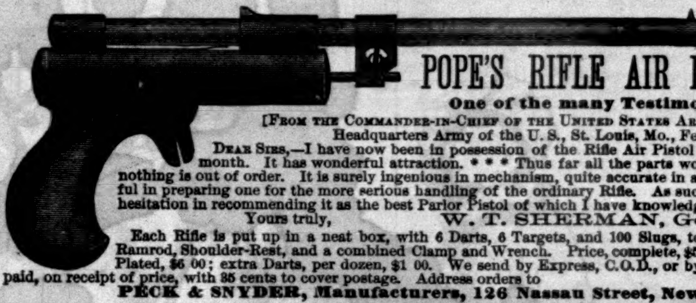

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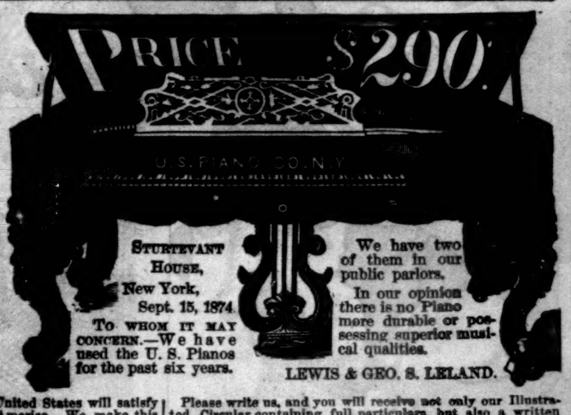
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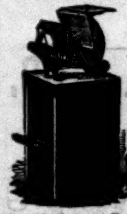

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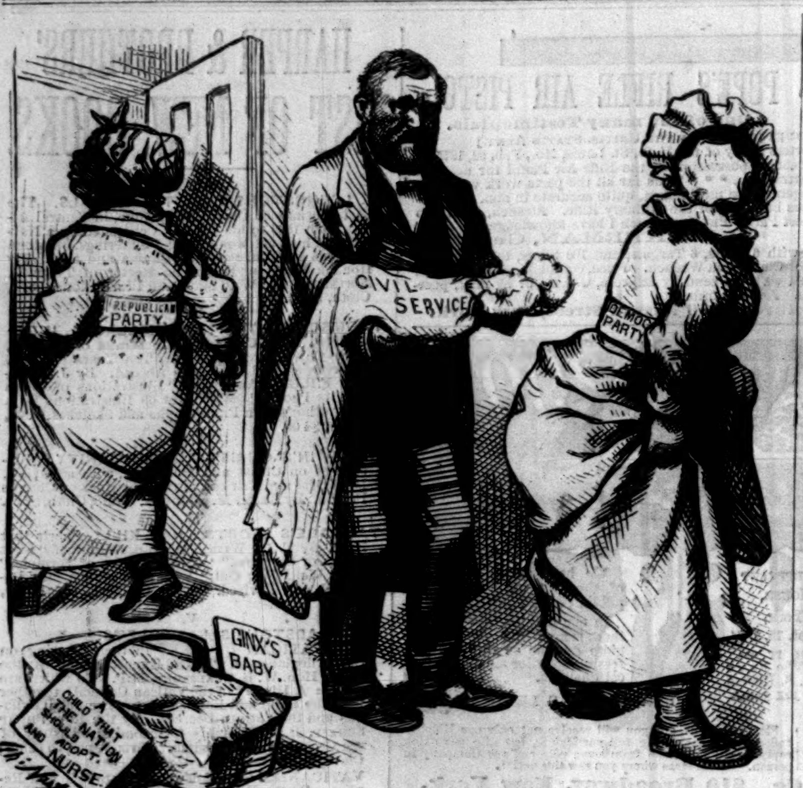

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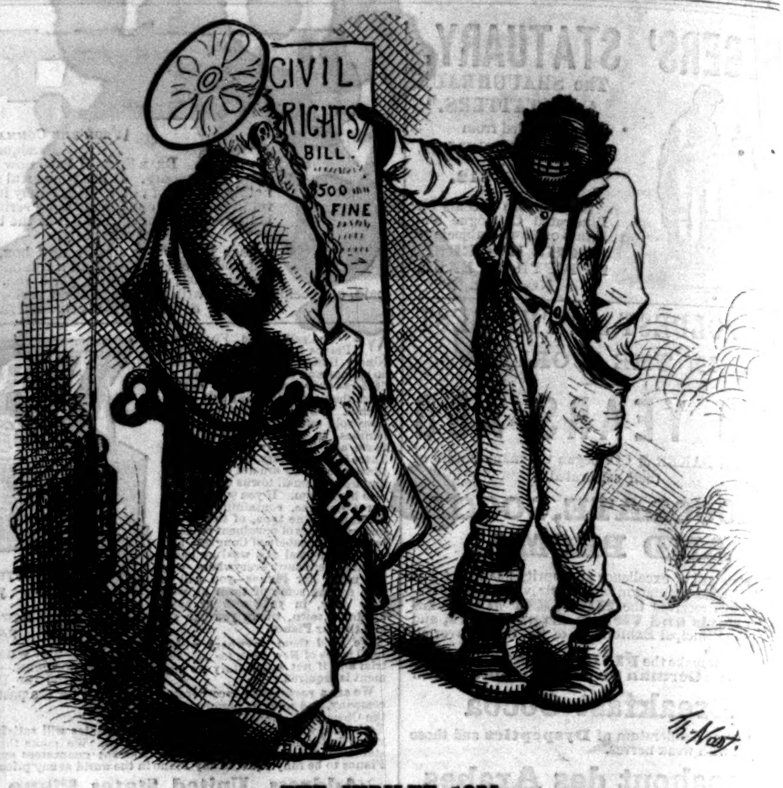

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AUERBACH'S CELLAR.

This ancient locality possesses a double interest, through its connection with the early Faust legend and the academic years of the young Goethe. Every stranger who visits the city of Leipsic soon finds his way to the old house near the market-place, where the sign "Auerbach's Keller," nearly on a level with the sidewalk, will guide him down into the two vaulted chambers which for over four centuries have echoed to the song, jest, and revelry of merry souls. He may still take Faust's and Goethe's place at the head of the table in the farther room, order his wine from the seventieth or eightieth successor of the original landlord, and while waiting for it, may study the curious paintings which have filled the semicircular spaces under the arches since the year 1525.

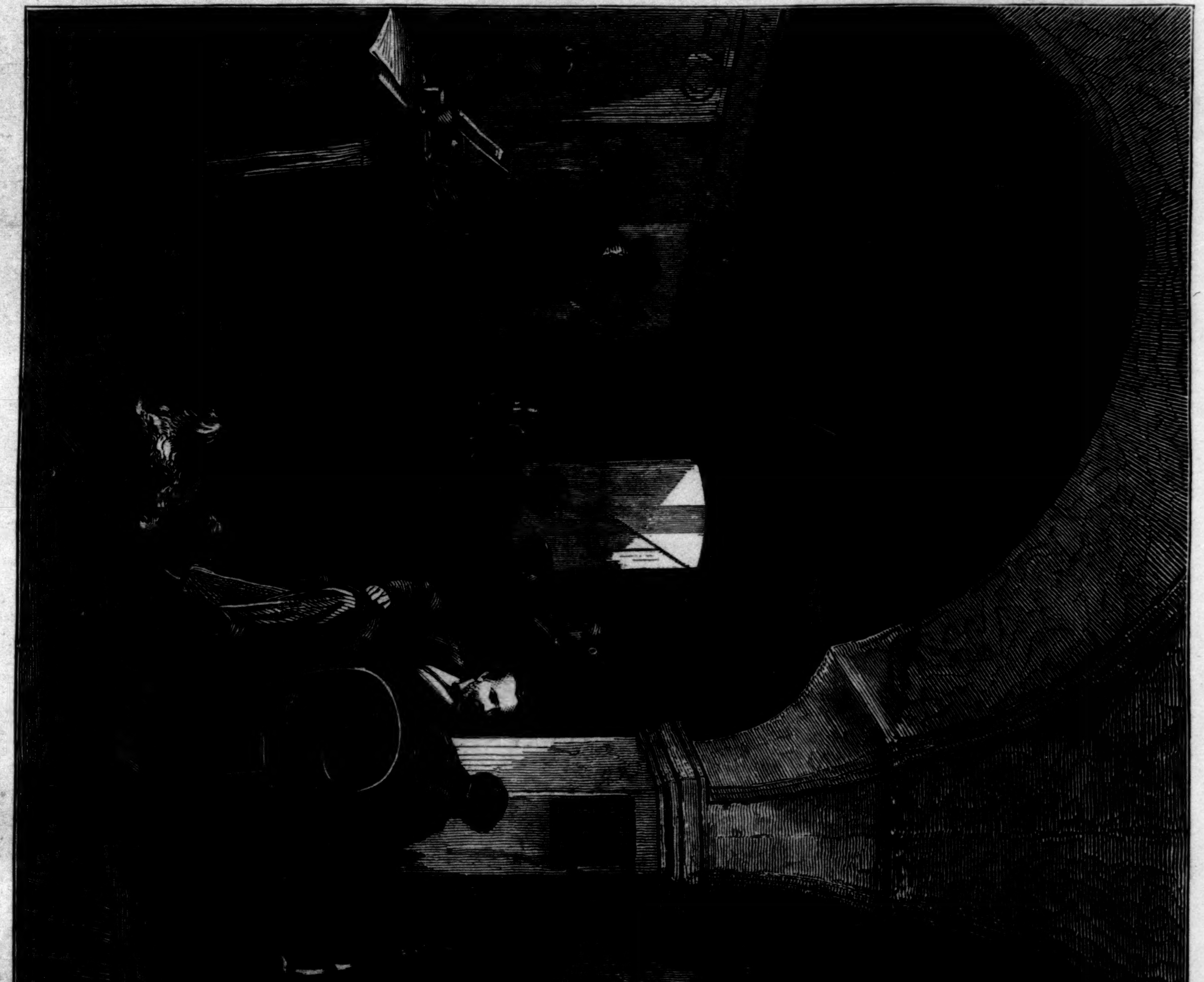
Legends of Faust are very numerous in Germany, but these pictures are the only local records left to our day. Widmann's *Veritable History* (1599) mentions the year 1525 as the time when Faust began publicly to practice his magic arts, and the same date upon the pictures may signify either the year when they were painted or when the event occurred which they illustrate. On this point there is a difference of opinion among the antiquarians, since Faust's fate is mentioned in the inscriptions. Auerbach's house was rebuilt in 1530, but the massive vaulted cellars were evidently left from the earlier building. The pictures, which were painted by no mean artist, have not only grown very dingy, but they were partly repainted in the years 1636, 1707, and 1759. Under the present inscriptions, which have also been renewed, there are marks of an older one, probably identical, although this can not now be established as a fact.

The first picture (about ten feet in length by four in height) represents Faust with a full beard, a ruff around his neck, mantle, and fur cap, seated at the head of a table, with a chased goblet in his hand. Next to him is a student, who with lifted arm is pouring wine from a glass apparently as a libation. Seven others are seated at the table, two of them about to drink, while five are playing upon musical instruments—a portable clavichord, a lyre, flute, violin, and bass-viol. At the left end of the picture there is a barrel of wine, with a Ganymede in trunk-hose waiting beside it. A small black dog in the foreground appears to be watching Faust.

The other picture shows Faust astride of the wine-cask, which is flying through the door. His face is turned toward the company, and he lifts one hand as a parting salutation. The landlord, servants, and students gaze at him and at each other with gestures expressive of fear and astonishment. The six lines of German doggerel at the bottom of the picture also indicate a later date, since they refer to Faust's punishment:

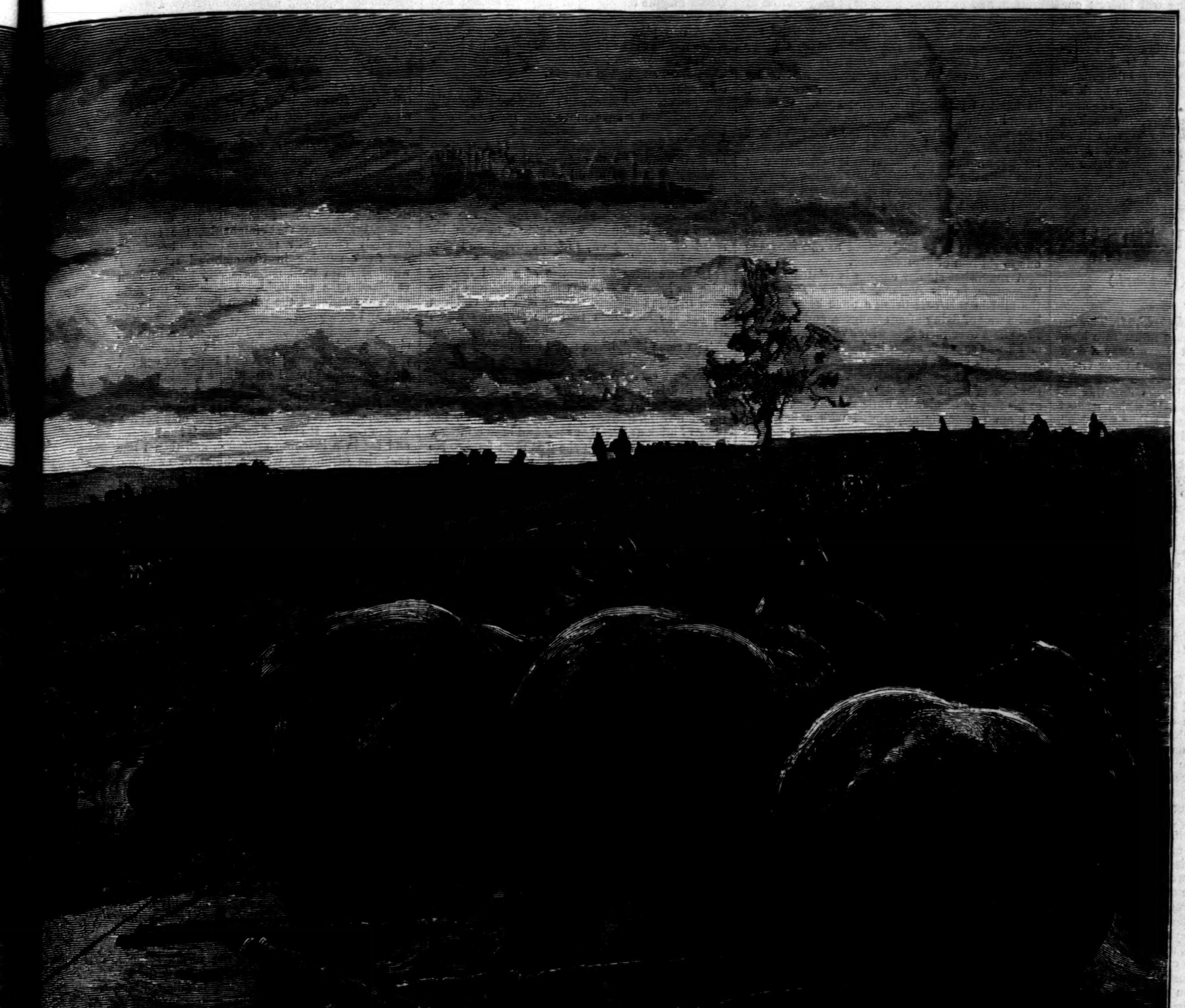
"Doctor Faustus, on that tyde,
  As many a mother's son did see,
From Auerbach's cellar away did ryde:
  By subtle crafte he did that deede
Upon a wine-cask speedilie,
  And he received the devil's meede."

Goethe thus followed the main legend in bringing Faust to Leipsic after the compact with Mephistopheles. There are some satirical touches in the scene, however, which show that something of his own youthful recollections of scenes and incidents witnessed in the famous wine-cellar was interwoven with the tradition. The other incidents taken from the legends receive a different coloring from the circumstance that Mephistopheles is made the principal actor, Faust being a passive and even an unwilling spectator.



AUERBACH'S CELLAR AT LEIPSIC.

A PLOWING MATC



GLAND.—[See Page 292.]